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THE SPUN JEWELS



M. E. MAHAFFEY CARST

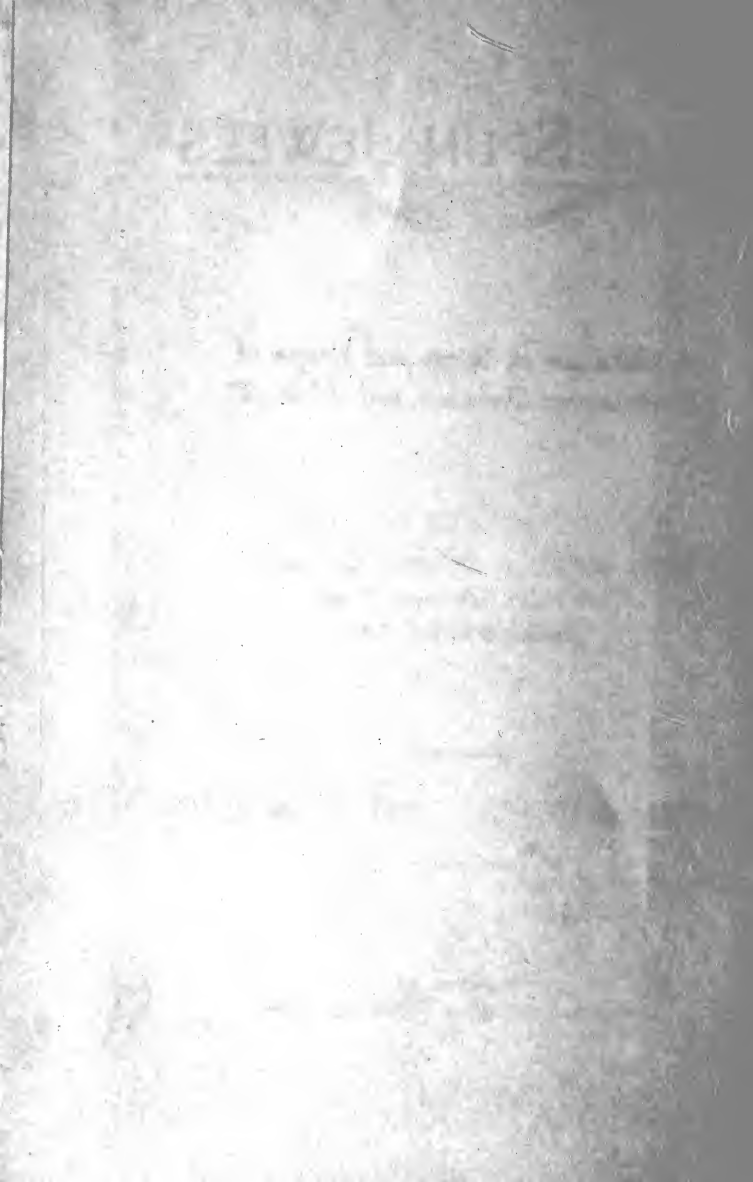


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HOME SPUN JEWELS



A Collection of Songs and Poems of
Reminiscence, Religious, and of Nature

COMPOSED BY
MRS. MARY E. MAHAFFEY CARST
608 North Seventeenth Street¹¹
HARRISBURG, PA.

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Dedication of this Book

TO MY NEPHEWS

This book is affectionately dedicated by the Author
to her three nephews :

ARTHUR RAOUL MARTIN
STUART LOWRY MAHAFFEY
GEORGE H. MAHAFFEY, JR.



HOME SPUN JEWELS

Dear friends, I am trying to bring to you
My collection of Home Spun Jewels, true;
No doubt you will find them homely indeed,
But please won't you try a portion to read?

In fancy I journey o'er days that have fled,
I speak to the living, recalling the dead;
My jewels, I'm sure, some mem'ry will stir,
And perhaps some few eyes the tears may blur.

But tears I'd not bring as I journey along,
But rather I'd see gay laughter and song.
Emotions are not controlled the same way,
Though really glad, some the tears cannot stay.

I have tried to portray in innocent rhyme,
Beauties of nature and changing of time;
Fond reminiscences,—dear to each heart,
Thoughts of our Creator you'll find in part.

No doubt I have failed in trying to please—
Tastes often differ in pleasure or ease;
But surely you'll find in reading them through,
One small, sparkling jewel, homely but true.

Not ranking with masters, only home-spun,—
Laurels I never can hope to have won.
My aim is not such, but only to please
The fancy of those of smaller degrees.

In reading my verse I think you will note,
Simplicity of mind in all that I wrote;
Such being my life, I bid you adieu,
Trusting my thoughts prove a jewel to you.



OUR MOTHER.

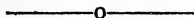
When I gaze upon those wrinkled hands,
And behold that silvered hair,
My thoughts are being carried back
When Mother seemed most fair.
Her step was light, her manner gay,
Her voice so clear and sweet;
No lines upon that noble brow,
With a smile she'd always greet.

But while I gaze those feeble hands
To me seem just as fair
As when a child she fondled me,
And stroked my golden hair.
Her faded hair and her feeble step
Makes Mother just as dear;
Her trembling voice is just as rich
And has the old-time cheer.

Those lines upon her wrinkled brow
Cause me to stop and think,
They are tell-tale marks of other days,
Each one a binding link!

Perhaps 'twas me that caused a line
To mar that sweet old face,
Of Mother who I wish could stay
And always "Home" could grace.

Alas! some day the time will come
Her form will disappear;
We shall not hear that feeble step
Nor have that Mother's cheer.
'Tis then our hearts are sorrowfully sad,
The world seems dark and drear;
Of all bright things this world contains,
Our Mother seems most dear.



AUTUMN.

Beautiful Autumn with harvest of gold,
Beautiful tints to the sight unfold;

Busy days harvesting long Winter's store,
Trying to defeat the approaching hoar.

Beautiful Autumn so balmy, so fair,
Your beauty and splendor abounds everywhere;

Bright tinted leaves and gay goldenrod
Tossed by the winds, laughingly nod.

Frost-bitten branches are swayed by the breeze,
The morning sun crowning tall naked trees;

O Autumn! we love your bright golden day—
Your beauty is changed from sweet sparkling
May;

But each one in turn their beauty reveals,
While Autumn it's splendor and fruitage yields.

We hail your approaching cool evening shade,
The sun slowly slanting through the deep glade:

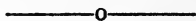
Its beauty is lost as it sinks in the west,
All nature settling down to quiet and rest;

Yet Autumn in turn cannot long remain,
For cold Winter's blast will follow in train.

Its bright glowing tints are swept from our
view,

Its hazy horizon is changed also in hue;

But we love your gay, bright, sunshiny days
That brings so much pleasure in various ways.



MY SHEPHERD.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;
In green pastures He maketh me to lie.
By waters still and cool He leadeth me,
And through Him my soul shall never die.

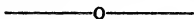
In paths of righteousness for His name's sake
I will gladly follow all my days;
Though I walk in the valley, I long to wake
In eternity to spend God's endless days.

The shadow of death I need not fear,
And all evil I can escape;
For Thou art with me and always near
As I follow in Thy wake.

I lean upon Thy staff and behold Thy rod;
With my eyes upon Thee all my enemies flee;
For Thou art my strength and my God,
And all Thy beauties I long to see.

My cup runneth over; when Thou annointest my
head
With the oil of mercy so boundless and pure;
Thy goodness will follow me as I am led—
And of a mansion and riches I am sure.

In the house of the Lord forever I'll dwell—
Blessed thought to cheer us as we journey
along—
The old, old story which I love to tell,
And to sing God's praises in song.



LIFE.

Life is like a Summer flower,
Blooming for a few short days;
Wintry blasts come in an hour,
Soon it withers and decays.

Life is but a fleeting moment,
Filled with misery and tears;
Existence here is but a span,
Bridging o'er our hopes and fears.

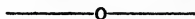
Life is brief and truly transient,
Seemingly but one short day;
Soon our souls will be transplanted,
Soon our vigor fade away.

Life is filled with pain or pleasure,
And much trouble seems our doom;
Yet we hope to gain a treasure,
And a rest beyond the tomb.

Life, they say, is what we make it,
Should we err, 'tis not so sweet;
Fortune may not smile upon us,
Then the days we wish were fleet.

Life may often seem a problem,
Age comes on in course of time;
But you cannot figure on this,
Some are robbed of youth and prime?

Life is like a Summer shower,
Soon refreshed by some small ray;
Life makes man a wondrous creature,
When it's gone, he's simple clay.



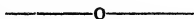
NOBODY'S DARLING.

I've wandered through the dark streets all alone,
Seeking a place that they call "sweet home,"—
Where cheer and where laughter abounds all
day,

And at evening I could hear someone say,
"Come, darling, I'll tuck you into your bed,"
And kiss me after my prayer is said.
That is the place I am seeking to-day,—
I'm nobody's darling and no place to stay.

They say there's a home beyond the sky,
Where I shall meet mama, bye and bye;
I'm lonely and sad and want to rest
In a little chair with dollie I love best.
But since mama and papa have gone away,
I've had no dolls with which to play,—
I'm nobody's darling, I'm left all alone,
I'm nobody's girlie, I'm seeking a home.

Is there nobody that wants a little girl,
With laughing eyes and a golden curl,
Who loves to romp the whole day long,
And join the birds in their happy song?
I'm that little girl that's seeking a home,
Who wants a mama to call my own,
To nurse me when I'm tired of play—
A home where I can come to stay.



THE CALL OF THE DRUM.

Mother, I fain must heed the call,
And don the suit of blue;
I'm not afraid of the cannon ball,
My country bids me be true.

I shall enter the ranks and proudly march
To meet the oncoming foe;
Though I may feel the bullets parch,
To the front I'm bound to go.

The call of the drum I cannot resist,
Though I long to stay with you;
Oft I may sleep beneath the mist,
While wearing the faded blue.
Though years may pass before I come
To claim your pride and joy,
A glorious victory I hope to have won,
The foe having failed to destroy.

Having heeded the call I now return,
Though you fail to hear my tread
Upon the gravel, while I pause at the urn
To bathe my throbbing head.
An empty sleeve hanging by my side,
While one foot is shot away,—
Alas!—dear mother, your joy and pride
Returns, his valor to display.

No more shall I hear the beat of the drum,
With a heart that is light and gay;
I have served my country, the victory won,
And marched in bright array.
But the suit of blue I shall always love,
And cherish the costly prize,
While I think of the many who've gone above
To reign beyond the skies.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

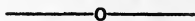
The old arm chair is vacant now;
Mother has gone to rest.
No more care rests upon her brow;
We miss her smile and jest.
We view the empty chair with pain
And long to see her face.
She's gone, never to return again;
No one can take her place.

But that old chair shall ever stay
In it's accustomed nook.
As the children climb upon it and play
It seems like an open book.
Revealing the secrets of by-gone days,
When mother rested there,
And lovingly speaks of the quiet ways
She banished the clouds of care.

How we loved to climb upon it's arm
And tell mother our wants, while she
Kissed away our ills with her quiet charm
And smoothed the bolsterous sea.
Her wrinkled face and silvered hair
We picture as she reclines
In that easy, deep-seated old armchair
In the garden beneath the vines.

The old armchair is firm and strong,
And stands in the corner still,
And the children love its voyages long
As it is tossed and turned at will.

But it stands the storms and remains the same
Old, easy, deep-seated armchair.
When weary and sad I smile and feign
I am placing dear mother there.



FLOWERS.

Sweet emblem of purity, beauty sublime,
Enriching the pleasures of earth, so sweet,
Their fragrance unbounded regardless of clime
The rich and the poor alike do they greet.

Oh, Flowers so pure, emblematic of love,
In our hearts thy rich bounties we enshrine;
The foot-stool of God in bright colors arrayed,
Doth our sorrows and pleasures entwine.

The funeral bier and the gay festal board
Are adorned by the perfume so rare;
The knight and the peasant alike can afford
These rich jewels which naught can compare.

When sorrow oppresses, when joys overtake,—
Oh, 'tis flowers we strew by the way.
The heart that is riven is healed, and they make
The sunshine to enter and to stay.

Sweet flowers! we cherish the mission they fill,
How they soothe, and refresh, and restore;
As angels of mercy they travel at will,
And their fragrance will heaven-ward soar.

THE TOLL OF THE DEEP.

Late was the hour upon the quiet deep,
When the brave ship plunged to her doom,
Aroused by the bell from a peaceful sleep,
Surrounded by the awful gloom.
Men, women, children, sailor and mate,
Are all anxious their lives to save;
Alas! there were many left to their fate,
Who now sleep in a watery grave.

Brave were the men who leaned over the rail,
As they bade their loved ones good-bye;
Their hearts being wrung by the sobs and wail
Of the hundreds left thus to die.
The monster Titanic, left to her doom,
Slowly settles beneath the wave;
And faintly the sound of music is heard,
With no one to succor the brave.

Thus the quiet deep doth add to her toll
Mammon, humanity, and ship;
Stealthly those monster icebergs roll,
With o'er a thousand in their grip:
The huge icy flocs sweep over the dead,
Can maimed humanity forget
The awful toll upon that ocean bed,
In shame on his'try's page is set?

MY ONLY PAL.

My only pal, and the dearest gal,
Is old and bent and gray;
And do you know that I'm her beau,
And by her side I'll stay.
I'm her son—'tis only fun
'Twix Mother and her boy—
Yet, she's my pal, and the sweetest gal,
And fills this life with joy.

I have wandered o'er this fertile land,
No fairer girl I've found,
No smile so sweet to welcome me
When homeward I am bound!
So she's my pal, true and gay,—
I am sure you'd scarcely think
Years had turned her hair to gray,
If you saw her slyly wink.

She's my pal, and the only gal
In all this world for me;
We frolic as in days of yore,
For as children still are we.
I care not for the witching smile
Of all the girls—Oh no!
For Mother is my sweetheart, while
I am her son—and beau.

A WISH.

Do you wish the world were better?

You can help to make it so;

If you watch your daily actions,

You will find you'd better grow.

Rid your mind of selfish motives,

Let your thoughts be pure and high.

You can make the world seem better

In the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were happy?

Then remember as you go

Up and down this world of action,

Seeds of kindness you can sow.

For the pleasures of the many,

You can trace to some small deed,

Giant trees and fragrant flowers,

Also spring from tiny seed.

Do you wish the world were wiser?

Then suppose you add your mite;

Each one hath their share of wisdom,

Of the truth and of the right.

Do not waste your time on folly;

Live to learn and learn to live.

If you want to give some knowledge,

You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were brighter?

You can help to cast some ray

'Cross the path of some lone traveler,—

Make the path a pleasant way:

Cast the sunshine all about you,
Then the world will seem more bright;
Clouds will gather, if you let them,
Causing gloom, obscuring light.



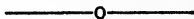
BEAUTIFUL CITY OF ZION.

Beautiful city—there's naught to compare,
Splendor and beauty abound everywhere;
Built by a master hand, wrought in pure gold,
Those who it inhabit shall never grow old.

Beautiful Zion,—city of delight,
The mansions so vast unfold to our sight;
What wonder we long to enter thy gate,
Since blissful content shall us there await!

Resounding with music thy angel band
Shall welcome God's children to yonder land;
With Gabriel's trumpet proclaiming God's love,
We hallow thy name as pure as a dove.

Oh, beautiful Zion,—city sublime,
The darkness of night cannot enter thy clime;
With Jesus our Saviour, Light of our soul,
We patiently wait to enter thy goal.



SUNSET'S GLOW.

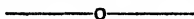
As the beautiful sun sinks into the west,
And the day is drawn to a close;
All nature is entering into quiet and rest,
The sky the bright tint of a rose.

The chirp of the cricket faintly is heard,
Lowing cattle are homeward bound;
The humming of bees and twitter of bird,
At sunset is a fainter sound.

The beautiful tints of the sunset glow,
Is reflected on the meadow stream,
With its silvery ripples as they lazily flow,
And are lost in the sunset gleam.

The brush of the artist has failed to portray,
The beautiful tints that unfold;
Oh! that radiant picture the closing of day
Changing faintest of blue into gold.

May the glow of the beautiful setting sun,
Fill our soul with the beauty so rare,
When earth's trials are ended the victory won,
May we rest where "'Tis not needed there."



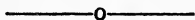
THE SPELLING-BEE.

Seated in rows along the wall,
The spelling-bee is free to all.
Choosing the sides was truly fun,
Along the rows swift glances run,
Each feeling they had chose the best,—
They toss a coin to start the test.

The master starts with simple word,—
Along the line quick answers heard;
The contest lasts for most an hour,—
The pupils spell with wit and power.

If one perchance should miss a word.
Quickly the other side is heard
Spelling the word with pride and joy
By some modest maid or roughish boy.
The master calls a short recess,—
They criticize the final test,
Each feeling they the prize will win,
'Mid buzzing voice and happy din.
Some lad his favorite girl has found,
And slyly bids her stand her ground,
And softly whispers in her ear,
That for his sweetheart he's no fear
Of hearing her miss one short word:
When presently the bell is heard.
Once more they line along the wall,—
The shrill voice of the master's call,
"Attention, please! We'll now spell off,"
Is followed by some anxious cough.
Slowly the words pass up and down,
The rank is thinned by smile or frown;
Some lisping maid has missed her chance,
Is followed by a timid glance
Of stalwart boy who saw her fail,
And followed by some youngster's wail.
At last there stands but two alone,
One a man and a girl half grown,
Back and forward the word is passed,
With drooping eyes and hands tight clasped;
She spells the word that he has missed,—
With blushes red her cheeks are kissed,
Crowned the queen of the spelling-bee,
'Mid shouting boys and girls was she.

Out to the school-yard quickly hie,—
A game of ring and a fond "good-bye,"—
Fond reminescent days to me,
Of childhood and the spelling-bee.



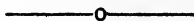
THE SONGS WE LOVE.

There are many songs we gladly hear;
Their words and melody are sweet,
But those we love, that seem most dear,
Our childhood ears did greet.
The lullaby our mothers sang
While we rested our sleepy head;
Softly and sweetly her dear voice rang
While she tucked us into bed.

There are songs of rejoicing, songs of peace
That soothe the troubled heart,
Compelling sorrow and anguish cease
Dispelling gloom, and joys impart.
But the songs we love that bear us above
Are the songs that mother once sang,
Forgetting our tears and quitting our fears
As the current of melody rang.

The songs of to-day are not the same,
Though they cause our cheeks to glow;
And are filled with sunshine, love and fame
And with joy our hearts overflow.

But give me the songs that mothers sing;
They shall ever remain the best;
And down through the ages forever ring,
Soothing childish fears to rest.



RECOMPENSE.

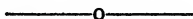
If some burden you have lightened,
If some life you may have brightened,
Given shelter to some poor waif,
Made some haunted soul feel safe,
Then recompense will follow you;
You'll know the voice, so brave and true,
That speaks within, in accents low—
Directs your thought where'er you go.

Oft times you may not feel repaid,
And feel that you some error made;
But God repays in his own way
If prompted by Him we obey.
Then recompense will surely come
And we shall hear that sweet "Well done,"
Of which the value is pure gold,
Of beauty and wisdom manifold.

Yet recompense does not oft come
In measure large for what we've done;
But we should not expect large pay
For favors done in some small way.

A smile some times is more than gold,
A beaming face sweet to behold;
If you can grasp a faltering hand,
The recompense is truly grand.

Then let us have in daily walks,
Those heart-to-heart and valued talks;
Cast idle gossip to the wind,
And rumors, too, we'd best rescind,
Look for the best while passing through
This busy life, and keep in view
Your neighbor's need, then you will glean
What recompense does truly mean.



ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE.

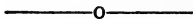
Across the great divide, my dear,
The night will then be o'er;
All sorrows past, no pain, no fear,
Upon that heavenly shore.
Just out beyond this life's dark sea,
No passions there shall rave;
Transformed our hopes and fears shall be,—
There is a power to save.

Across the great divide, my dear,
Beside the crystal sea,
Our pilot waits our bark to steer,—
There's rest for you and me—

The Beulah land of love divine,
Beyond this vale of tears;
I see this Holy City shine,
And banish all my fears.

Across the great divide, Oh joy!
Our Father, Guide and Light,
Awaits our bark, the saints—hurrah!
We've passed beyond the night.
I seem to hear sweet angels sing,
And shout with joy divine,
Oh, land where there's eternal spring,
Where naught can droop or pine!

When life's brief journey, dear, is o'er,
We've crossed the great divide;
Then in the heavenly realms we'll soar,
Forever to abide.
We've drifted out on life's dark sea,
The port we now await;
The beacon light shines forth, I see
The entrance to the gate.



STICK TO THE FARM, MY BOY.

Oh, stick to the farm, my boy, it is best;
The city cannot add to its charm—
Its quiet is like a haven of rest,—
There is no place like the old farm.

With it's broad teeming acres, yellow with
grain,

And the spring with its water so cool,
The tangled sweet-briar in the meadow lane,
And the sports of the old swimming pool.

All these, my boy, doth add to its charm,—
Then why flee to the city so gay,—
Where pit-falls ensnare, leading you to harm,
And you would miss the sweet scented hay?
Why yearn for the life of the city man,
Who is pining for the dear old farm;
And flee from the noise of the city van,
Who would welcome the sight of the barn?

The sound of the reaper in harvest field
Is as music in the gleaner's ear,
Or the ancient cradle with sinew wield,
Sometimes on the hill-side may appear.
The brown tassled corn, now yellow as gold,
Is garnered for long Winters store,
The laden orchard is rich to behold,
Awaiting the approach of the hoar.

The city is dull compared to the sport
To be had upon the old farm,—
On hill-side or dell the hunter's report
Is now rife with its deadly alarm.
So stick to the farm,—I'm sure it is best,
Be content with its broad, glistening field,

The city, too, hath its share of unrest,—
To its follies you'd better not yield.

ALWAYS COMRADES.

We were comrades, Ruth and I,
Happy as the time rolled by;
Baked our mud pies in the sun,
Many a race with Rover run.
School days made us comrades still,
I was dubbed her "sunny Will,"
'Naught could change our comradeship,
Not e'en the master's frown or whip.

Always comrades, she and I,
Comrades as the days rolled by.
We were always bright and gay,
Comrades at our work and play;
Chasing through the meadows sweet,
Or at a game of "hide and seek."
Life meant to us a merry game—
Always comrades we'll remain.

When our days for play had gone,
And our days for love had come,
Always loyal, staunch and true,
Into woman and manhood grew.
Even though our hair is grey—
Youngsters round us romp and play,
We are comrades just the same,
Always comrades we'll remain.

OUR SEASONS.

First we have the gentle Spring,
With its frequent sparkling showers;
Hills and vales are made to ring
By birds;—come sweet scented flowers.

Then follow the long, bright, sunshiny days
Of Summer, with harvest like gold.
The bees and all hands, in various ways,
Are providing for Winter so cold.

As Autumn approaches our hearts are made
sad.

The birds and the flowers depart;
Yet many bright faces seem happy and glad
While nature is doing her part.

Bleak Winter arrives with a roar and sweep,
The frost work of its beauties we behold;
While hills and valleys are snow covered so
deep,
And are wrapped in a mantle so cold.

God in his wisdom the seasons devised,
Each one for our comfort he gives.
Much joy and great pleasure we all can de-
rive
If we gratefully in each season live.

BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

Beyond the clouds I see a light,—
Its ray is bright and fair;
Gay visions break upon my sight,
Its beauty I cannot compare.
My soul drifts far beyond this vale,
Is lost in peace and bliss;
With joy I shout, and gladly hail
This vision with a kiss.

My soul keeps drifting far away,
Is lost to earth's pale charm;
With a glimpse I behold eternal day:
My soul passing from all harm.
I view that wondrous happy throng,
Am lost in light and love,
And join in that redemption song,
And reign with those above.

Beyond the clouds I long to dwell—
Mingle with that rapturous throng;
My gaze being held beneath the spell,
Whilst I listen to that song.
Could I but stay and never return,
Should that "cloud" not intervene,
Then earth's dull shadow would melt away
And I should live my dream!

HOPE.

Even though the dark clouds gather,
And we feel the approach of storm,
And the sky forecasts rough weather
And we meet a muffled form.
As we look the clouds are scattering
Slowly, surely the sun appears,
Driving clouds no rain drops pattering,
Hope has banished all our fears.

Oft we plan a little pleasure,
All seems well when lo; behold—
All we planned is a worthless treasure
In our hands defeat we hold.
As we look about for comfort,
For a friend that's good and true,
Hope comes forth, we quickly grasp it,
All things have a brighter hue.

Hope is ready never lagging,
Clouds must scatter, smiles appear;
Hope is strong and never flagging,
Causing sunshine nothing drear.
Then let us grasp it—hold it firmly;
Take it with us where'er we go;
That's the friend we long have sought for,
Hope's our friend and not our foe.

HAVE WE FORGOTTEN FATHER?

We sound the praise of Mother,
And so we should, my friend;
But there is still another,
To whom we seldom send
The same sweet little message;
Now do you think it fair?
That other one is Father,
He, too, our thoughts should share.
His voice no longer steady,
His shoulders droop perchance,
And yet he is not ready
To own that years advance.

Most children go to Mother,
To kiss their ills away;
But no one can beat Father,
When it comes time to play;
How we'd climb upon his back
And ride the longest while!
When tired, he would slyly spill
Us in the cutest style.
Father, too, was very wise,—
Could tell you every thing
About those dreadful army spies,—
Those mem'ries to me cling.

How proud you were of Father,
When by his side you'd trot,
Through long, grassy, rural lanes,
To find some shady spot.

There he'd whittle at a stick,
While we would frisk about,
Dandelions and violets pick,
Or watch for speckled trout.
Those were happy days indeed,
With joy I now recall,
The evening sport of pitching quoit,
Sometimes a game of ball.

Now don't you think that Father
Should share our thoughts as well
As dear, old, saintly Mother,
Of whom we love to tell
The sweetest little stories
When children small were we?
How tenderly she'd nurse us
If tired we should be!
I'm sure that dear, old Father
Deserves some little praise,
And we should not forget him
In his declining days.

I'm sure we've not forgot him,
For that we could not do;
There's many ties that bind us
As we to manhood grew.
Our love you know is mutual,
Although 'tis not the same;
We're bound to reverence Mother,
For this you cannot blame;
But when it comes to Father,
We love the honored name.

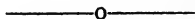
WE KNOW.

When others speak of what we've done,
We know the motive best;
They do not know the conflict won
That raged beneath our breast.

Some prate about our charity, —
How little we have giv'en,
Of what we give this world shan't know,—
'Tis better known in heav'n.

Some criticise our daily life,—
We know, not they, the clouds
That drift across our daily path,
Our pleasure oft enshrouds.

We know, so matters not at all,
What others think or say;
Embitter not your life with gall,
But rather for them pray.



OUR HABITS.

Habits are formed so easy, my friend,
But not so easy to break or mend;
Varying in form from evil to good,
There's some you can't mend,—try as you
would.

The habit of gossip is truly bad,
Wrecking some homes, and hearts are made
sad.

This evil you'd shun if wise you would be,
For gossip I'm sure courts misery.

Telling untruths is a habit so mean,
Once formed, we loose all trust and esteem.
Our Maker denounces the liar, too,—
Shun the mean habit, tell what is true.

The habit of theft we all should despise,—
It is equally as bad as telling lies;
Though the lock and the key the thief will de-
bar,
So lying I'm sure is meaner far.

Fault-finding, my friend, is trying indeed,—
This habit will cause many hearts to bleed;
Speak good of your friend, 'tis easy as ill,
For faults you will find look where you will.

Taking the name of the Lord in vain,
Adds to the list and the soul a stain.
How could we curse our Saviour and Friend!
Yet many forget whom their blessings send.

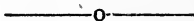
There is still one habit I have in mind,—
A curse it has proven to all mankind,—
The habit of liquor and deadly wine,—
Degrading the soul and blurring the mind.

Once more I must speak of a habit foul—
No doubt it will cause many faces to scowl,—
'Tis the filthy weed which men smoke and chew,
And of women, too, there is not a few.

The habit of lewdness is worse by far
Than all I've mentioned,—what does it not
mar!

Uncleanness and filth our gutters do fill,
"Let them that are filthy, be filthy still."

The list I have mentioned leads to no good,
And yet we possess some, do what we would.
Let us try to exchange the evil for good,—
Since habits we must have and so we should.



MAMMA'S OR PAPA'S GIRL?

How often we hear the question asked,
"Pray, whose little girl are you?"
"Mamma's and papa's," the child replies,
And surely she answers true.

When mamma says, "your a naughty girl,"
Then I'm papa's girl you know;
But when I am sick and need a nurse,
To mamma I'm sure to go.

But when a new dress I'd like to have,
My papa I'll hug and kiss;
And then my mamma is sure to say,
"Now what do you want with this?"

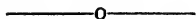
But even so my mamma I love;
She makes my dresses so nice;
And when she serves the pie or the cake,
She gives me the largest slice.

My papa is best on circus day,
For mamma don't like the show;
A red balloon and some lemonade,
Then into the tent we go.

I must beg or coax to take a walk,
"Dear me; she can't have a beau!"
Then dear old papa is sure to say,
"Of course, my dear, you can go."

And 'twas always so throughout my life,
When I to womanhood grew,
If he refused, then to mamma go,—
The same I'm sure you would do.

So why this foolish question ask,
"Pray, whose little girl are you?"
She is sure to love them both the best,—
Why try to confuse the two?



WIN SOME PRIZE.

We should aim some prize to win,
Do not think, "It might have been;"
Grasp the rein with a firm hand,
Push ahead some prize you'll land.

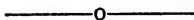
Do not stop to wait for luck,—
All you need is strength and pluck.
With time and talent by your side,
Oft you must push against the tide.

Go ahead your prize to win,—
Though you do not cause a din;
Oft in some small, quiet way,
We can make a large display.

Be your talent large or small,
Answer promptly to the call.
In this way great gain achieve,
Pain and sorrow oft too, relieve.

Opportunity pass not by,
Grasp your chances ere they fly.
Be sure and take a steady aim,
With your eyes upon the game.

Surely you will win some prize—
Be content though small in size;
Try to feel you've done your part,
While rushing through this busy mart.



TO OUR HONORED DEAD.

Rest in thy grave, 'neath the flag and the flower,
Our Honored Dead sleep beneath the bower;
Strewn to the sound of the drum and the fife,
Waving in memory of the battle strife.

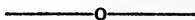
Fought by the sleeper that rests in the grave,
Giving his life our country to save;
Crumbled to dust, yet in memory he lives,
For love and freedom his all he gives.

Rest in thy grave, with thy blood it was bought;
Fierce was the battle which thou hast fought;
There were many brave hearts that rest 'neath
the mound,
Rushed to their death by the bugle sound;
Brave to the last as they mounted the hill,
Giving for country their strength and will;
Facing the cannon with it's cold cruel stare,
Fallen and shattered they rest 'neath it's glare.

Rest in thy grave, thou was't a soldier true,
Proudly indeed, thou did'st wear the blue;
For food and for shelter thou did'st often
want,—
The loved ones at home thy mem'ry would
haunt;
Lured to the front, the enemy in view,
Filling the ranks their bullets slew;
Fallen at last with the flag in thy hand,
To join the troops up in yonder land.

To our Honored Dead we pay tribute to-day,
With flags and drum march in bright array;
And strewing the flowers with hearts that are
sad,
Yet for freedom's cause we are truly glad.

Silently listening to the mournful dirge,
Of the bugler's taps, that heavenward surge,
To greet the brave comrades, fallen in fight,—
Victorious, Triumphant, Freedom and Might.



IS THERE ONE WHO CARES?

If our clothing are soiled or tattered,
And our faces are grimy, too,
Is there one who cares if bespattered,
Who thinks us loyal and true?
If we have strayed beyond the threshold,
Have sunken in depths of sin,
Is there one who cares to welcome,
Who would gladly take us in?
Yes, Mother cares and would.

Even though we were dull and wayward,
The "black-sheep" we're termed by all,
Is there one who cares to reclaim us,
To succor us from the fall?
Though the world is ready to shun us,
And sneer when we try to reform,
Is there one who cares to help us,
Offer shelter in time of storm?
Yes, Mother cares and would.

If o'ertaken with pain or sorrow,
Adversity hovers near;
Is there one who thinks of the morrow,
Who would shed a silent tear?

When our heart is burdened with misery,
Discouragement weighs us down,
Is there one who cares to relieve us,
Who'll exchange a smile for a frown?
Yes, Mother cares and would.

Is there another always who cares for us,
Who is never too tired to bear,
Our burdens, when we are so weary,
And feel we have more than our share?
Though our Mother ever is ready,
And is faithful whatever betide,
And we know of no help more steady,
And one whose love will ever abide,
'Tis Jesus who cares and will.

—o—

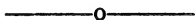
PLAYMATES.

"There, now, you've spoiled my dolly's
hair,"

"Oh, well, I'm sure I do not care;
You need not scold, I'm go'in away—
And get my dog, and we will play.
His hair is not so easy spoiled,—
In my wagon no more you're hauled;
You always make an awful fuss,
If dolly's hair or clothes I muss.
I'm going now—you need not cry,
Nor I ain't go'in to say "good-bye,"
Nor never, never coming back,—
I'm going to play with my old Jack."

"Come, Ned, I'm not one bit cross—
You always want to be the boss;
You know I like you best of all,
And you can have my rubber ball.
I did not want to make you mad,
But then you always act so bad,
And I will put my doll away,
And we will sing if you will stay;
We'll get some mud, and let us make
Some bread and pies and we will bake,—
We'll have an awful lot of fun
And after Jack we both will run."

And thus the little playmates true,
Mend their quarrels as children do;
Happy at play, forgetting wrong,—
Their little hearts light all day long.



THE VOICE OF NATURE.

No matter where the eyes may drift
The voice of nature speaks,
The brook so stealthy creeps,
The ocean roars and leaps,
The sun steals through a little rift.

The warbling bird peals forth its lay,
And sounds his word of praise—
Of bright and happy days;
The lowing cattle graze,
At the close of a Summer day.

The voice of nature speaks aloud,
In flitting butter-fly,
In bright blue tinted sky,
In rainbow's deep hued dye,
When mingled with the silvery cloud.

The busy bee doth labor long,
Amongst the sweetest flowers;
Regardless of the hours,
And midst the Spring-time showers,
Doth nature voice her sweetest song.

The tiny ant its mound doth build,
Beneath a sweltering sun;
The tiny blossoms won
And yield when Autumn done,—
Thus nature the bins hath filled.

The waving grain in bright array,
Is reaped for future store,
The frost with nature's hoar,
The shining nuts galore,
Are gathered for the festal day.

The voice of nature speaks all year,
The Winter sports abound,
Amidst the frozen ground,
The white and dazzling mound,—
Who thinks that Winter days are drear?

No matter where the eye may drift,
The voice of nature speaks,
The hand of God and Nature's thrift,
The seasons vigil keeps.

PATIENTLY WAITING.

Patently waiting for her absent boy,
To fill her aching heart with joy.
Long years have slowly passed away—
Patiently waiting, from day to day.
Her glossy hair is faded and thin,
And her feeble eyes, still watching for him
To enter the gate at the foot of the hill.
For years she has waited, is waiting still.

Could I but see my boy once more!—
His sunny smile as in days of yore,
With his roughish eyes, as he romped at
play!

Oh! It seems to me but yesterday,
As he knelt to say his evening prayer,
With my hand upon his golden hair.
Long years have slowly ebbed away;
My form is bent and my hair is grey.

Waiting,—I trust 'tis not in vain,
For I long to see my erring boy again;
As the sun goes down at the close of day,
And with it thus I earnestly pray
That my erring boy will not forget
His absent Mother, whose eyes are wet,
As she silently waits at the close of day
For him to come, to cheer—to stay.

OUR PATHWAY.

Our pathway may often be lonely,
Our travels not always the same;
But just patiently keep pressing onward,
Though seemingly there is no gain.

Our pathway may not be with roses
More often with briars be strewn;
But remember the timber most costly
From the twisted old oak is hewn.

Sometimes in the midst of our pathway,
Some shadow will silently steal;
Obscuring the sun for a moment,
But this should not mar our zeal.

If our pathway be winding or rugged,
Let us try wear a smile as we go;
It may cheer some poor weary traveler,
Whose pathway is sunken or low.

Just try to remember while traveling,
Sign-boards and cross-roads point the
way;
Some are smooth, others rough and wind-
ing,
All leading from the broad highway.

Sometimes we choose the wrong pathway
We should carefully study our course;
Avoiding the rough uneven by-ways,
Since misery begins at their source.

THE HOME BEYOND.

How we long for a glimpse of the home beyond,
Where tears and where toil are unknown;
And the streets of pure gold and God's presence
abound,
And there we shall know as we are known.

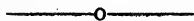
The way to that home may often seem far,
The journey seems tiresome and long;
But the promise is sure and nothing can mar
The hope of a bright and eternal home.

Oh, for a glimpse of those bright shining portals
Which shall need not the light of the sun,
God has prepared for us poor weary mortals,
When the race is over, the vict'ry's won.

As the years advance the burdens grow heavy;
With faltering step we climb the steep grade;
But God is our refuge and ever is ready
To help his poor pilgrims deep waters to
wade.

The thought of that home with its mansions of
light
Should help us to patiently bear all our ills;
For then we can say we have fought a good
fight,
And gladly do all that God wills.

At last we shall enter that sweet home "beyond,"
And lay all our burdens aside,
Forever to rest in the home of the blest,
For we have safely crossed the divide.



MEMORIES.

I cannot drive those wandering thought—
Sweet memories of other days;
They come and go, yet are not sought,
Some being sad, and others gay.
Methinks of some sweet, country maid,
As she slowly wends her way
Through winding lanes and meadows sweet,
At the closing of the day.

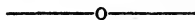
Beneath her feet as she softly treads,
Are crushed the violets blue;
And by her side with low bent head,
Is a lover both brave and true.
The bleating sheep and lowing herd
Are waiting at the meadow bar,
The rails are lowered without a word,
The stars shining from afar.

The sheep and cattle are home-ward bound,
Rover, following in their wake;
The youth and maid with hearts spell-bound,
Halt at the farm-yard gate.

With faltering hand he lifts the latch,
The herd slowly passing through;
With beating heart, that lovely maid
Soon passes from his view.

Year after year without one word,
That lover both brave and true,
Kept that fair maid in deep suspense,
Until Cupid crept into view,
And caught the glance of that sweet maid,
And swiftly dashed aside
The memories of that bashful beau,
To soon become a bride.

And as the years have rushed along,
And crowded into space,
The memories of that youth and maid,
Some fireside will grace.
The sequel of those Memories
Occur most every day—
Alas! they come, not being sought,
And slowly drift away.



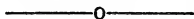
VISIONS OF DAYS THAT HAVE FLED.

Beautiful visions how they haunt my dreams,
Of the days that have past and have fled;
My childhood in fancy but yesterday seems
But the years have gone by, how they sped.

I dream of the days that held no care
When I climbed upon Mother's knee,
Her loving caress as she stroked my hair,
Shall linger to eternity.

Beautiful visions by night and by day—
They linger and more beautiful seem—
The pictures I draw that are fading away,
Yet in fancy most radiantly gleam,
At the close of day I sit me down
And close my eyes to all care—
Bright visions I have though years have
 flown,
And behold my youth so fair.

We should try to recall those happy days
As the years are passing along
They will banish cares, driving clouds away,
As we recall a childhood song;
I love those visions that haunt my dreams,
Though my hair is turning grey,
To me they are beautiful bright sunbeams,
Forgetting they are passing away.



PLEASE LEAVE ME OFF AT THE BEAU- TIFUL GATE.

A man stood gazing upon a small form,
With soft golden hair and garments torn;
He was touched by the sad and care-worn
 look

Of the little girl, in her quiet nook.
Tickets! He called in a voice rather firm,
Yet for the sleeper his heart did yearn.
Awakened at last, she raised her small
head,—

“Where are you going, my dear”? he said.

“Please leave me off at the beautiful gate,—
For there I am sure my mama will wait;
But I have no ticket, dear sir,” she said,
“Mamma and Papa, you know, are dead,
Please haul me free to the beautiful gate,—
I’m hungry, too, and it’s getting late.
God will pay you, for you know He’s so kind;
Please won’t you help me the gate to find?”

Seating himself by the side of the child,
With tear-stained eyes and a heart beating
wild,
He lovingly stroked those bright shining
curls,
Thinking alas! of his own little girls
Who had passed beyond that beautiful gate,
And their mama, too, for him did wait.
Clasping the child as he kissed her fair head,
Straining her to him, he softly said,

“Yes, dear, I shall help you to find the gate;
Dear ones for me, there also, do wait.
Together we’ll travel throughout coming
years,—

Come, sweetheart, I'll wipe away those tears."
The child slyly tossed her bright golden curl,
"Then you'll be my daddy, and I your girl?"
"Yes, darling, you'll be my little playmate,
Together we'll find the beautiful gate."



OUR BURDENS.

Why weary those around you,
They have their burdens too—
No doubt they're just as heavy
Though hidden from our view.

Each one must bear their burden,
Each heart must have its share,
So why not try be cheerful,
The world would seem more fair.

We will find a silver lining,
The clouds will surely drift,
Our burdens then grow lighter,
Light shining through the rift.

Some day the clouds will scatter
Our burdens will roll away,
Don't weary those around you,
'Tis weakness you display.

THE OUTCAST.

Foot-sore and weary I trudged through the
street,—

'Tis only a stare or a frown I meet;
Nobody cares if I'm hungry or cold,
"The tramp-house for such as you," I'm told.
When inquiry I made for shelter or food,
I was met with a scowl, since I'm no good.

The Outcast, my friend, was not always a tramp,
Though hardships have left their harsh cruel
stamp;

I was reared in a home of comfort and ease,
And usually left to do as I please;
The result often seen in such as I,—
The parent had better the rod apply.

The pet of the household, to manhood I grew,
Wilful and wayward, into passions I flew;
If curbed by my Father, to my Mother I'd go,
And pleading my cause the warm tears would
flow

In streams down her face, then I'd fondly caress
That saintly old Mother, and she would bless.

For book's and for learning I did not care,
The hope of my parents I could not share,
Though the college walls towered over my head;
My brain all awbirl, to amusement I fled,
An athlete of renown, I soon won a name
Emblazoned with glory, I reveled in fame.

The friends that I chose were such as myself,—
Our books always neatly piled on the shelf;
With cards in their stead, the tavern we'd haunt,
My brain growing dull, and my body gaunt.
The life of the tippler became my lot,
Disgracing my parents, creating a sot.

One night in a frenzy I ended the game,
Destroying all hope by the branding of Cain.
It was then that I fled from that life so wild,
Sober once more, and a most penitent child.
I was crushed by my deed, heart-sick with remorse,
Surrendering myself, let the law take its course.

Through the pleading of friends, my sentence
was light,
"An involuntary act," they pleaded with might;
After serving my sentence and once more free,
The dear face of my Mother I longed to see;
Resolving to see her I straightway went home,
To find I was shunned by my friends when I
come.

As an Outcast I left, began the career
Oh the hobo life, with a heart sad and drear,
I drifted afar, yet I could not forget
That most beautiful face, so homeward I set
'Mid hardships and want, arriving once more
Safely in sight of the parental door.

My courage all gone, by the roadside I sat,—
My garments all tattered, my hair in a mat.
While seated in study, my Mother's frail form
Approached from the driveway encircling the
lawn,
Awaiting her carriage, it dashed into view,
The reins dangling loosely as they nearer drew.

I saw at a glance she stood in their path,—
Their eyes and their nostrils dilated with
wrath;
Madly dashing toward us, swiftly I sprang,
And pushed her aside, when I heard the sharp
clang
Of noises innumerable, also to feel
A dull sickening pain over me steal.

Regaining my senses with joy I beheld
Those powerful steeds, whose wild fury I
queiled.
My Mother's sweet face also close to my own,
In bewildering chaos my mind was thrown;
The doctor appeared, when all faded away
My senses were failing, they would not obey.

For days I lay tossing near unto death's door,—
That Mother watched over the tramp lone and
poor,
To hear the sad pleadings of penitent boy,
Who craved for forgiveness, for love, and for
joy,

To cease the sad life of an Outcast, so cold,
To cheer the lone heart of his Mother so old.

Regaining my strength I was shaven and
shorn,—

No longer my clothing were tattered and torn;
In the room of my boyhood, dear to my heart,
That soft, well-known tread, caused my pulses
to start;

Then shading my face as she entered the door,
My heart swiftly beating caused my hopes to
soar.

Transfixed by her gaze I now rose to my feet,
And with faltering step my Mother I greet.
The words I would speak, now refusing to come,
While in wonder she gazes upon her weak Son;
Extending my hands, oh! for mercy they plead,
Still bruised by the fall of those towering steed.

Taking those hands, holding me close to her
breast,

'Mid hot blinding tears, that poor Outcast she
blessed;

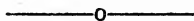
Thanking her God for the dear wanderer's re-
turn,

And asking for mercy for those who might
spurn

The presence of him, who his bravery had
shown,

By saving his Mother from pain, or the tomb.

The years have gone by,—by that Mother I
stood,
Thus proving to all, there remained yet some
good
In that poor wandering Outcast—often unfed,
No clothing, no comfort, no shelter or bed:
Now basking in sunshine—awaiting the call
To meet that dear Mother, his Saviour, his all.

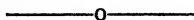


THE PASSING YEARS.

While I'm sitting in my easy chair,
And reviewing the passing year,
I am made to pause and wonder
Why my life's so dull and drear.
The passing years are fleeting fast:
Oh! could I retrace my way!
How many friendships I would renew
And let the sunbeams play!

Why let the daily grind of life
Cast shadows o'er the sky?
The years so swiftly passing on—
Try stay them as they fly—
And help some one less fortunate
To bear the cross of life;
If we'd think more kindly of our brother,
There'd be less of daily strife.

As the passing years are closing in,
We cannot retrace the way;
But we can make the coming years
To seem like a golden ray—
By casting sunshine where there's gloom,
Giving smiles to those who weep,
And as the years keep passing on
Life then would be more sweet.

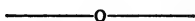


THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

By the roadside stands the old school-house,
With its shutters hanging awry.
No noise is to be heard—it is still as a mouse—
I pause and wonder why
It is left to decay; why the weeds are left grow
In the path where I once trod;
No master is there the small seed to sow,
No children upon the green sod.

I enter and gaze upon ruin and mold,
Long years of waste and decay
Are told as I look, while I silently fold
My hands and dream of past days.
The old master is gone and my little sweet-
heart—
Whose name I carved on a tree;
My own beneath it, vowing never to part—
She promising faithful to be.

As I review the years with sorrow and joy,
Once more in fancy I dwell;
Beneath the thatch roof, again a schoolboy
With my sweetheart on hillside and dell.
I raise my eyes; my dream has fled,
Tears coursing down my cheek:
The old school-house decayed, the years have
sped,
Only waste and mould to greet.



THE GRAVE.

Oh, dark are thy walls and yet, Oh, grave,
To the weary thou givest rest;
And yet for thy bed there are few doth crave,
Nor thinketh of thee in a jest.

Through thee we enter a land of bliss—
Then why should we dread thy dark wall?
Though darkness surrounds us, we'd not miss
Thy brightness that follows the call.

Though many despise the dreaded grave,
I am sure 'tis only God's earth;
Beyond it the palms of vict'ry wave,
And through it we gain a new birth.

With tear-dimmed eyes we behold thy mound,—
Many loved ones thou dost enshroud;
And beneath thy depths is stilled the sound,
And is wafted beyond the clouds.

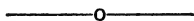
The gloomy grave doth have its bright ray,
And our hearts it should not appall;
Since through it we gain eternal day,
And a welcome extends to all.

Since peace awaits us beyond the grave,
We enter this haven of rest;
The waves of Jordon its banks doth lave,—
We hunger for that which is best.

Though death hath its sting, we should not
dread
The bright victory of the grave;
Nor should we look with tears on the dead,
Since Jesus our souls, thus doth save.

Then let us look forward with a smile,
When we, too, shall enter the tomb;
Peace there shall await us, naught beguile,
And angels shall banish the gloom.

The thought of the grave doth have a charm;
Our abode should contain no dread;
Our entrance therein removing alarm,—
A haven of rest for the dead.



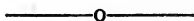
CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

Clouds and sunshine daily gather,
Drifting in the azure sky;
Clouds obscure and seem depressing,—
Sunshine causes clouds to fly.

Even though the clouds are gloomy,
Making life seem dark and drear,
Pierced by sunshine gloom is scattered,
Causing joy, dispelling fear.

We must have both clouds and sunshine,
If a lesson we would learn;
One alone would be depressing,—
For the other we would yearn.
When the two are inter-mingled,
All the beauties we can see,
Of the pure and dazzling sunshine—
Making life seem bright and free.

Even though the clouds are gloomy,
In most lives they have their part;
When they gather and seem darkest,
Then we struggle for a start,—
Welcoming the lovely sunshine,
Scattering the clouds and frown;
Of the one we'd make a foot-stool,—
Of the other a royal crown.



OUR FLAG OF LIBERTY.

Spread out sweet emblem of liberty,
Unfurl your colors true;
Displaying joy and purity,
The red, the white, the blue.

Those tiny stars denote the states
That liberty enjoys;
They wave above our entrance gates
Of east and west alloys.

That brilliant red denotes the blood
That cleansed this nation brave;
Though earth was steeped beneath its flood,
This country it did save.

The white, so pure and which we love,
We find doth here emblaze;
Its purity doth wave above,
Upon it nations gaze.

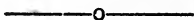
We also find the royal blue
Upon this flag so pure;
Its sweeping folds will not eschew,
And peace to all assure.

We love this flag of liberty,
With pride we see it wave,
Across this land of slavery free,
Above the hero's grave.

E'en though it cost a million lives,
And hearts were made to bleed
When torn from mothers, sweethearts, wives,
Our country's call to heed.

But now we gaze with fondest pride
Upon this flag so free;
Both friend and foe march side by side
Bound by the colors three.

Oh flag of liberty we love!
The stripes of white and red!
May those who fought now reign above,
Though numbered with the dead.



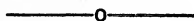
THE SHADOW OF NIGHT.

The shadows of night are closing 'round,
When all grows dark and still—
We hear the soft and cheerful sound
Of the crickett, and the whippoor-will,
As he darts toward the fleecy sky,
Or skims the meadow brook.
A youth and maid each joyously hie
To tryst in a shaded nook.

The shadows of night have passed away,
While the stars of love appear—
Their hearts and faces bright and gay,
To them, life seems most dear;
As they softly chat, time passes by,
With its swift and tireless peace;
They linger in a fond "Good-bye,"
Ere they leave this trysting place.

The shadows of night return once more
But years have come and gone;
The stars still shine as in days of yore,
To them 'tis always dawn;

Life's dreams have fondly glided by,
As they gayly marched along—
No shades of night as time rushed by,
Making life a happy song.



WORTHWHILE.

It may not always seem worth while
To finish some small task;
But that is oft the sluggard's style,
And foolish questions ask.

Some really think it well worth while,
To idle time away;
They fold their hands and blandly smile,—
What taste they thus display!

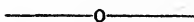
To others life is well worth while,
With little time to spare;
The thief of time cannot beguile,
The wise it cannot snare.

Each one could make their life worth while,
If they'd of others think;
The selfish heart is truly vile,—
It holds no binding link.

Our labor might not seem worth while,
Results we may not see;
Our neighbor we should not revile,
If friends we cannot be.

Though failure stares, and selfish hearts
Surround our daily life;
It is worth while to shun the darts
That lead to grief and strife.

So let us try make life worth while,
And sow some tiny seed;
You'll surely rest 'neath heaven's smile,
For help we often need.



AFTERWHILE.

Afterwhile we have in view
Our old home to journey to;
Where the mothers us await
At the sagging garden gate.
Rambling vines and broken locks
'Mid the pinks and holly-hocks
How we'll greet the dear old smile,
And the warm tears—Afterwhile!

Afterwhile the path once more
Wending to the kitchen door,—
Bordered with geraniums sweet,
Trampled now with lagging feet,—
We shall tread again with joy,
Happy as a bare-foot boy.
How we long for tears and smile
Of that mother—Afterwhile!

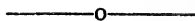
Afterwhile may not seem long
To the average, bustling throng;
But to her time's not so swift.
Gayly days and years may drift
Ere you think of childhood home,
Or that mother old and lone.
Some day you will miss that smile
And regret that—Afterwhile!

Afterwhile may come to you,
You may pine for loved ones, too;
In your strength and glory now,—
Pride upon your lofty brow:
Time will steal your strength away,
Golden locks be tinged to gray,
You may crave for love and smile
Of your dear ones—Afterwhile!

Afterwhile deceives us all,—
Do not stay the inner call,—
Hasten to that vine clad home,
O'er its hills and meadows roam;
In the pantry you will find
What dear mother had in mind
When a boy, how you will smile,
Just so to-day, not—afterwhile!

Afterwhile through coming years,
You cannot stay the flowing tears,
When you stand with bleeding heart.
You must bear the pain and smart

Of remorse, while you behold
Dear old mother still and cold.
Now you miss that loving smile;
Cruel, cruel—Afterwhile.



OUR PRAYER.

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Oh! Hallowed be Thy name;
By Thee, alone, all bounties given,—
We worship Thy dear name.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
In earth, as it is in heaven;
Thou alone can'st say the victory's won,
By Thee alone all blessings given.

Give us this day our daily bread,
For which we toil, and patiently wait
Thy tender mercies as we are led,
And are struggling toward the gate.

And forgive us our debts,—
Now dear Lord we pray,—
As we forgive our debtors;
Hear us ere we stray.

And lead us not into temptation,—
Thou can'st lead us aright;
And deliver us from all evil—
Thou art goodness and light.

For thine is the kingdom,
And the power,—blessed thought,
And the glory forever,—
Thus our battle is fought.

THE WOODMAN'S PLEA.

Dear neighbors and friends, I wish to proclaim—
Our Head Consul is with us, the rates to explain;
So please give attention for the problem is
grave,—

'Tis not only dollars, but lives you might save
By remaining a Woodman; though rates must
advance,

Your widow and children, thereby, have a
chance

To cope with the future, though you've passed
away,

With what you've provided will prove their
main stay.

Now, neighbors, I trust you'll take good advice;
This question need not be settled in a trice;
Our Head Consul has come many miles to
explain;

So follow him closely, I am sure you will gain
Much knowledge in Woodcraft, more than you
knew

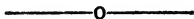
About rates advancing, so please follow him
through.

And when you have heard, then judge for yourself,
If remaining a Woodman does not insure wealth.

The Modern Woodmen have been in the lead,—
The wants of a neighbor they always take heed
By giving him help. I am sure they are brave,—
No one may call a Woodman a knave.
So, neighbors, I trust in the ranks you'll remain;
The advance being small, I am sure you will
gain

The love of your family, and also possess
Much wisdom by so doing—God truly will bless.

Of the wise and the foolish is a parable old,
The result of decision is also foretold.
I trust Mr. Talbot has not come in vain,
So heed his advice, I am sure 'twill mean gain.
I trust now, dear friends, you've followed my
thought,
That hasty decisions with sorrow is fraught;
I trust the horizon of your future be bright,
I now welcome the Consul, and bid you "Good-
night."



IN THE TWILIGHT OF LIFE.

They have grown old together,
And the days have swiftly sped;
And now they wonder whether
If through twilight they'll be led

By the hands of those they toiled for
In the years of strength and youth;
And fondly clasp their feeble hands,
And trust in God—forsooth.

How sweet to rest in twilight
After years of care and toil,
With those you love around you,
Like vines they gently coil.
Their lives are interwoven,
While the sun sinks in the west,
They gently lay their burdens down
And enjoy the twilight rest.

They hear the patter of small feet—
Once more their thoughts go back
To early days; once more they greet
Smiling faces and softly chat,
As they sweetly rest in twilight's shade;
And their minds are free from care,
Present shadows and past trials fade
For they dwell in twilight's glare.



WHO ARE OUR FRIENDS?

Who are our friends? how can we tell?—
Let them withstand the test;
We need not always with them dwell,
To know which love us best.

A loyal friend we surely need,—
How rarely we can find
The staunch and trusty friend, indeed,
Whose heart is true and kind!

When sorrows come, our hearts oppress,
Then friends may sympathize;
But if small means we should possess,
Our friends prove otherwise.

Too oft the value of a friend
Is shown in what we give,—
Some little token we may send,
In memory fails to live.

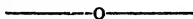
The value of a friend is found
When clouds o'er cast the sky,
And when we tread uneaven ground,—
How oft they pass us by!

In prosperous times our friends can smile
And grasp us by the hand;
But you will find how they beguile,
If adverse you should stand.

There is a Friend that you can trust,—
Can prove it o'er and o'er;
All others seem as worthless dust,—
Time proves it more and more.

Some call this Friend by names unjust,
But be that as it may,
I'll prove to you that you can trust
This Friend from day to day.

If you possess this needed Friend,
Then others you can shun,
And few are willing it to lend,
Once they this Friend have won.



THEN AND NOW.

When I a youngster used to be,
Then bare-footed we would run;
But times have changed as you can see,—
Now youngsters miss that fun.

When summer days come into view,
Then swimming we would go;
But now they bathe, with clothing, too,—
Where is the fun I trow?

When autumn came I'd take my gun,
Then shoot at what I please,
But now "in season" you must run,
Amid the field and trees.

When I was young you'd have the sport
Of fishing with a net;
But try it now, with loud report,
A fine you're sure to get.

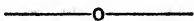
On moonlight nights how we would coast,
Rush down the steepest hill;
But now the youngsters cannot boast,
Of coasting where they will.

No matter what you'd like to do,
The law you must consult;
In freedom's land we live 'tis true,
And must not feel insult.

The clothing then with ease we wore,—
New style you must forbear;
No matter what she has in store,
In silence you must wear.

Then youngsters were not forced to learn,
But now to school they go;
Of course 'tis best e'en though they yearn
This law to overthrow.

Alas! the times are changing fast;
We note the speeding pace;
How long this rushing pace can last,
Confronts the human race.



DRIFTING.

Drifting out on the tide of time,
Our little bark is cast adrift,
'Mid the currents of pleasure we loose the line,
And are dashed into the rift.

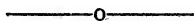
In our outward course we fail to see
The danger line and hasten on,
Thinking only of frolic and glee
As by the currents we are drawn.

Gradually we drift into the channel of sin,
So deep and so smoothe and alluring,
But our sails are set the course to win,
The best of our lives securing.

As we hasten on at last we see,
We are drifting out with the tide;
We become weary and sad and long to be—
Once more on the safer side.

So we turn our course, with the tide resede
Once more we are homeward bound,
Having caused many anxious hearts to bleed,
And as pilgrims seeking safer ground.

With Jesus our pilot, the voyage replete,
In safety we ride the rough sea,
The shoals all passed the journey complete
We have anchored and are happy and free.



VISIONS OF YESTERDAY.

When I recall the fleeting years
It seems but yesterday,
That mother soothed my childish fears,
And kissed my tears away.

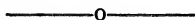
When wearied by my romping play,
In evening I could rest
My tired limbs, and softly lay
My head upon her breast.

The village school, I, too, recall
As adding to my play,—
Leap-frog and a game of ball,
Would while the time away.
I loved to wade the meadow stream,
And to chase the butter-fly;
And gaze upon the rainbow's gleam,
Floating in the azure sky.

It seems but yesterday to me,
When gayly I would run,
With Shep across the soggy lea,
And think it glorious fun
To see him swimming after sticks,
Then dash upon the shore.
We'd roll about in joyous glee,—
Those happy days of yore.

My hobby-horse I loved to ride,
And pull his shaggy mane;
My little sweetheart by my side,
Clinging to the dangling rein.
We'd dash across the kitchen floor,
And tumble in a heap;
Then scramble on his back once more,
And see old hobby leap.

Alas! it seems but yesterday—
The years so swiftly fled;
My mother and that sweetheart, too,
Are numbered with the dead.
Sweet memories linger with me still,—
A child once more I seem;
I cross the span of fleeting years,
And revel in my dream.



THE MEADOW STREAM.

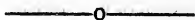
Slowly it winds amongst the weeds,
And dances in the morning sun;
Its shallow bed in the glossy meads,
Tempt the youngsters in for fun.

The warbling birds dip their tiny heads,
Whilst the ripples dance along.
The fish and frog in its deep sand beds,
Hide from the gigger's prong.

Pond lilies, too, are bright and gay,
And line the meadow stream;
And nodding in their bright array,
Droop 'neath the bright sun gleam.

This clear and sparkling little stream
Refreshes the browsing herd;
Its boundless pleasures like a dream,
Entice the child and bird.

The glowing sun and twinkling star
Reflect its beauty so rare,
Upon the stream, shining from afar
Rippling 'neath their sparkling glare.



THE CHANGES OF SEASON, LIFE AND TIME.

How monotonous this life would seem
If the "season's" changes we'd not glean!
Each month, each day brings forth something
new;

Not always with pleasure we review
The changes, but each one has in store
Some royal bounty which we adore.
Each month hath its changes which we should
meet

With smiling faces, though not so sweet;
God made these changes for our own good,
And through them we reap our daily food.

How monotonous this world would seem
If we'd not drift on life's changing stream!
In each stage of life there's something new,
The contrast noted as we older grew;
In youth the changes seem rather mild,
But in mature years no longer child,
They pass in haste, and steal from our view
What in youth to us seemed bright and true.
God caused these changes in life, my friend,
And through them you can much pleasure blend.

How monotonous the time would seem
If on changing time we could not dream!
As the years speed by there comes to view
The changes of time with something new.
Age after age keeps drifting away,
And changes we see look where we may.
God in his wisdom laid up in store
Abundant changes in days of yore;
And through these changes life fades away,
Reminded thus, we're not here to stay.

The changes of season, life, and time,
I have told to you in simple rhyme.
Some truth in them I hope you will find
A link in the three the heart will bind.

—o—

CHILDHOOD HOME.

Of all bright spots upon this earth,
The one we love the best,
Is the home we entered upon our birth
With its shelter and its rest.

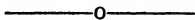
If in distant lands across the sea,
Or in valleys we should roam,
Our hearts rebound again when we
Behold our childhood home.

There mother taught us love and cheer,
Her dear face we recall;
'Twas love shone there and oft a tear,
We loved her best of all.

When out upon life's sea we roam,
As onward we are borne,
We keep in view that "seaport" home
While o'er failures oft we mourn.

How oft we long to come again
To view that childhood home;
To meet the dear ones and remain,
And never more to roam.

As years drift by and we review
The memories of that old home,
We long to keep dear mother in view
To welcome us when we come.



LIFE'S EVENING SHADES.

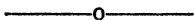
Softly falls the evening shades,
Upon a weary heart;
Sweetly too, the shadow fades
As from this life we part.

The Master awaits to guide
Our frail bark to the shore;
And in safety we shall ride,
As onward we are bore.

And when we shall reach the goal,
Our weary heads to rest,
A sweet refuge for the soul,
Where all is bright and best.

Oh then! he shall say, "Well done!
Enter into thy abode;
I have called and thou hast come,
So cast upon me thy load."

Then as the shades are falling,
May we the glad voice hear,
And heed the gentle calling,
And enter without fear.



I WANT TO BE LIKE PAPA.

When I grow up to be a man
I want to be like papa;
I'm going to do what'er I can,
So I can be like papa.

On Sunday I am going to church,—
Help the folks to sing and pray;
For that is what my papa does,
And besides, he helps to pay.

The pastor takes him by the hand:
Says, "How are you, Brother Will?
God bless you for your noble work,
And may he your garners fill!"

My papa is the finest man
That ever you could find;
I love him more than I can tell
Because he's good and kind.

I often hear my papa say
A pattern he would be;
So that is why I want to try
To be as good as he.

I often hear him say, "Oh, Lord,
Help me to do the right;
All evil from my heart remove,
Temptations from my sight."

I want to do what papa does,—
I'm sure he does no wrong.
I like to cuddle in his lap
On winter evenings long.

But when I tell my good papa
I'm going to be like him,
He gently takes me by the hand,—
My heart he's sure to win.

My papa smokes a long cigar,
And slowly curls the smoke
Above my head in tiny rings
Until I think he'll choke.

Some say tobacco is so bad,—
I'm sure it cannot be,
Or papa would not smoke cigars,—
I'm going to ask and see.

"Say, papa, is it wrong to smoke
When I become a man?"

"My son," he slowly answers me,
"Do without it if you can."

"But why should I? I'm sure you smoke—
I want to be like you;
I'm sure I often hear you pray,
'Lord make me right and true.' "

"Yes, yes, my son," he sadly says,
"I've prayed for strength, indeed,—
To overcome this evil thing,
For 'tis a filthy weed.

I'm sorry that I can't o'ercome
This evil thing, my boy;
If I could be as pure as you
'Twould fill my heart with joy."

Oh, fathers, why not think of this,—
A pattern you must be;
Those little minds look up to you,
Through you their eyes must see.

So many things perplex their minds;
They truly cannot see
Why it is right for "papa dear,"
For them it wrong must be.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

In fancy we drift to our childhood days,
O'er meadows and o'er hillside we roam;
Our hearts and minds are happy and gay
As the birds that by breezes are blown.

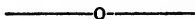
Again by the side of the old meadow brook
We patiently sit while we angle;
Or into the old school-house we fondly look,
Where life's problems we tried to untangle.

And Oh! the gay sports of the skate and sled!
Dear old winter brought us so much fun;
By moonlight we frolicked as gayly we sped
Down the hill or across the old run.

As the years speed by, how we wish for the days
So innocent and free from all care;
But they are gone; we advance upon various
ways—

Each one their own burden to bear.

Oh, happy childhood! Oh, joyous days!
Return to me once more;
Let us live those free and happy ways
As in the days of yore.



WHEN I CROSS THE BORDER.

When I cross the border and reach yonder
clime,
Where the rays of the sun, 'tis said, need not
shine;

Where mansions of beauty unfold to our sight,—
This fair city of gold is filled with delight.

When I cross the border our Saviour behold;
What rapturous beauty to my sight will unfold!
No sorrow, no pain, no darkness to be there,
For Jesus is light and most radiantly fair.

When I cross the border and behold that throng,
And shall raise my voice in the redemption song,
Where harps of pure gold shall resound ever-
more,
And the river of crystal shall wash the shore.

When I cross the border, the veil rent in twain,
That obscured those portals we longed to obtain;
But now I behold them resplendant in gold,
And join in the songs that shall never grow old.

When I cross the border, bright angels await
To pilot me safely on to yonder gate.
Many loved ones are waiting beyond the goal,—
In safety they have passed the rocks and the
shoal.

When I cross the border, then my labor is done,
My trials are ended and the victory is won;
And a crown I shall wear, exchanged for the
cross,
And shall dwell in a home where nothing is
dross.

When I cross the border, meet those whom I
love,

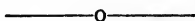
To welcome me home to bright mansions above;
Though ages may roll it will seem as one day,
To worship our Savior and our King for aye.

When I cross the border to that land of bliss,
Embrace my Redeemer with a holy kiss;
Behold the bright jewels encircling the throne,
For all these rich blessings we have much to
atone.

When I cross the border, a robe I shall wear
For splendor I'm sure there is naught to com-
pare;

Clothed in pure white with the angels to reign,
Surrounded by peace, and banished from pain.

When I cross the border to dwell evermore,
Inherit the mansion God has in store,
Though the voyage be stormy, the danger past,
Though weary with travel I anchor at last.

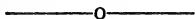


EVENTIDE.

'Tis sweet to think at eventide,
That each day seems the best;
A faithful friend kept by our side,
And helped withstand the test
Of all the many ups and downs
That help to make up life;
Sometimes 'twas smiles, again a frown,
Of which this world is rife.

'Tis sweet to dream at eventide,
And rest in sweet content;
A hand to lead and help to guide,
If wayward we were bent;
While traveling o'er this rugged road,
We were made to wade the mire;
But now we have laid aside the load,
Our thoughts keep drifting higher.

'Tis sweet to dwell at eventide
Beneath the azure sky;
Our little ills we fain would hide
As the years so swiftly fly.
We simply rest and bide the time
When earthly cares are o'er,
To enter that bright heavenly clime
That gleams beyond the shore.



WATCHING FOR MOTHER.

Sighing with face wreathed in anguish,
The poor, dying boy lay,
And his heart is made to languish,
Life slowly ebbs away.

"Yes, I-am watching for mother,—
For I'm sure she will come;
And you know there are none other
But she and little John.

And say, nurse, won't you please help me
To smile while mother is here?
For you're so brave—I'll try to be,
And hide both pain and fear.

You sent the word? Well, then she'll come,—
I'd thank you for a drink;
I'm so glad the battle's won,—
Please do not let me sink.

How dark it grows—it must be late,—
I cannot see your face;
But mother comes,—she's at the gate,—
Please do not leave me, Grace."

With ashen face he slowly sinks,
And breathes a silent prayer;
The faithful nurse now sadly thinks
And softly wonders where
The message went,—if it will find
That mother old and gray;
To soothe the troubled, wavering mind,
Sinking at the close of day.

Slowly he tosses to and fro,
Keeps watching at the door;
Sadly she thinks that he must go
Before the night is o'er.

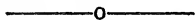
"How late it grows! but she will come,
Her dying boy to see;
You'll tell her of the valor won
If sleeping I should be.

I'm sleepy now, I feel no pain,—
How bright the stars appear;
I cannot wait for mother's train,—
You'll wait and watch for her."

Clasping her hand with closing eyes,
He bids her nearer come;
His soul is wafted to the skies,—
His battle truly won.

She stroked that silent, furrowed brow,
And smoothed the tumbled hair;
That watching boy is waiting now
Beyond the portals fair.

She softly sobs, "Oh, cruel war!
How many hearts you've crushed!
How many hopes you've blasted o'er,
How many voices hushed!"



GET ACQUAINTED WITH THYSELF.

Get acquainted with thyself
Ere you speak of others' fault;
Probe into thy busy brain,
Possibly 'tis time to halt.

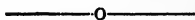
Ask thy heart if it is pure,
Free from sin and selfish greed;
Others may not need the cure,
But your own the cleansing need.

Guard thy lips from speaking ill,
Lest thy neighbor speak of thee;
Try to bend thy stubborn will,
Let thine hand and heart agree.

Can'st thou see as others see
Thy mistakes, though small they seem?
What to thee an ant hill be,
May to some a mountain gleam.

Get acquainted with thyself
Ere you learn to judge thy friend;
You will find no easy task
When this fault you try to mend.

Learn to know thy inner self,
Then a change you'll surely see;
Let thy Maker judge, 'tis best,—
With thyself acquainted be.



THE EMPTY STOCKING.

Help to fill the empty stocking,
Of some little girl or boy;
Join the crowd that's daily flocking
To the stores to create joy.

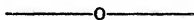
Fill it full of nuts and candy,
Dear to every little heart;
And a horn that's bright and dandy,
Don't forget a horse and cart.

For the girls a pretty dollie,
For the tot a book or ball;
It will seem, indeed, a folly
Otherwise to choose at all.

When you've filled the empty stocking,
With the tag upon its toe,
Read the card, it's written plainly,
It will tell you where to go.

I am sure no greater pleasure
Will be yours this festal day,
When you leave that bulging treasure;
Won't you help—Dear Santa play?

(Written for the benefit of the "full stocking
fund," Dec. 20th, 1912.)



THE BEATITUDES.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit—
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven."
Surely God loveth an humble spirit,—
To all, this rich promise is given.

'Tis said, "Blessed are they that mourn;
For they shall be comforted"—by God.
This promise is sure; much we'll endure,
Oft bearing the scourge of the rod.

Then follows, "Blessed are the meek—
For they shall inherit the earth."
God blesses the lowly and meek,
Watches o'er us from our birth.

"Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst
After righteousness; for they shall be filled";
And they that are last shall be first,
From youth this thought is instilled.

"Blessed are the merciful": for which we all
pray,
"For they shall obtain mercy," so free,
Shining forth as a bright golden ray,
And God's wrath we need not flee.

"Blessed are the pure in heart": God's own,
"For they shall see God": a promise sweet,
To help us toward that heavenly home,
Where Jesus we shall meet.

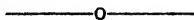
"Blessed are the peace makers"; Oh, joyful
news!
"For they shall be called the children of
God"—
Quite and peace we all should choose,
As we lean upon his strong rod.

God also says, "Blessed are they which
Are persecuted for righteousness sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven,"—
'Tis the most glorious promise given.

"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you,
And persecute you, and shall say all manner
Of evil against you falsely, for my sake"—
More beautiful promise no one can make.

Thus the beatitudes cling to my heart;
Sunshine and cheer to all they impart,—
Riches in store so pure and so bright,
Mansions of gold unfold to our sight.

Cheering us onward toward that bright goal,
Food for the weary, down-trodden soul;
Blessed to all, who seeking shall find
Their beauty unfolding to all mankind.



THE VACANT CHAIR.

Some day across the threshold of your home,
Your eyes may rest upon the vacant chair;
Naught but time can heal the wounded heart, so
lone,
Since it robbed you of what seemed so sweet
and fair.

So perhaps it is the aged, wrinkled face
That you miss, reclining in the vacant chair—
Time from mem'ry cannot loving thoughts efface,
Of that grandma who our childhood pleasures
share.

Then again it might be grandpa with his smile,
As the children climbed upon his feeble knee;
With his favorite stories, time he would beguile;
Now the vacant chair, alone, you only see.

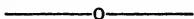
There was father with his counsel good and true,
Who reclined upon the easy old arm chair;
Now his smiling face has passed beyond your
view,
And with bleeding heart you view the vacant
chair.

And when it comes to mother,—how we shall
miss
Her cheering words, and how lovingly she'd
share
All our pain and sorrow with her kiss,—
As she rested in what now is "vacant chair!"

Some little sister, too, may have passed beyond;
How we miss her dancing eyes and golden
hair!
Or some favorite brother may have left behind
Tender ties that cannot fill the vacant chair.

Perchance it is some baby smile you will miss,
As she rocked and cooed upon her little chair;
No more you'll feel those twining arms, nor the
kiss
Of that little darling gone to mansions fair.

Some form may rest upon that vacant chair,—
Time cannot blot from mem'ry thoughts so
sweet;
Of those who claimed the spot so bright, so fair,
Though occupied, the cherished form we do
not greet.



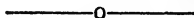
MOONBEAMS.

Moonbeams, stealing through the night,
Dancing gaily by my side—
Flooding gloom with rays so bright;
Sometimes back of clouds they hide;
Peeping forth they slyly rush
Through the fleecy clouds so gay,
Appear again at evening's hush
To shed their clear and sparkling ray.

Stealing through the leafy boughs
Of the tall, majestic trees;
Shedding splendor where'er they fall,
Blended with the evening breeze.
Youthful hearts are filled with love,
And stirred by the magic spell,
Shining from the sky above,
In their hearts to shine and dwell.

Gently let the waning moonbeams
Interlace our lives and days,
Fill our souls with glowing day dreams,
Basking 'neath their sparkling rays.

Youth and age are made to love them,
By their bright and silvery gleam,
As they rove and dance about them;
Oh! the glorious, bright moonbeams!



PERSEVERE.

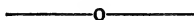
If there is one word that we should commit,
If life we would make a success,
If you aim at the mark you're sure to hit,
And the game you're sure to possess.
So what ever you do, do with a will,
And shun that weak word named "fear."
Once you get started, keep going until
You have mastered that word "persevere."

'Tis only the weak that fail to possess
Some trophy for labor they've done;
They lag at their work and fail to express
Any pride in victories won.
By forging ahead you're bound to succeed,
Though the weak may smilingly jeer,
And call you a grafter or full of greed,
Yet 'tis only you "persevere."

Some are waiting for help to pull them
through,—
Opportunities passing by;
Others say there's nothing worth while to do,
And languishingly droop and die.

Now there's plenty to do if work we will,
Though the idle may frown or sneer;
The top of the ladder you'll never reach,
Unless you work and "persevere."

Discouragement often destroys the will,
Enfeebling the talent and gain;
Destroying the good we might instill
In some other less gifted brain.
Then let us hang up where daily we see
That word which all hearts should endear,
The motto, my friend, I give unto thee,
Is the noble one, "Persevere."



THE CONFLICT.

The conflict of this earthly life
Begins in early youth;
'Tis then we enter the battle and strife
And are taught the simple truth.

Our youthful minds are happy and free;
We do not feel the load;
While entering the conflict we fail to see
The steep and rugged road.

Our youth has fled; the trials begin;
Our minds are not so free;
We have launched, and entered into sin
With its dazzling glitter and glee.

'Tis then we feel the weight of years;
But willingly bear the load;
The alluring beauty has banished fears,
Oft reaping what folly has sowed.

In the midst of the conflict, how oft we are
called
To halt with affliction and pain!
'Tis then we are made to think of the pace
We are traveling, and how little is gain.

But when pain and misery are lifted once more,
We boldly dash into the race;
Forgetting the halt for pleasures galore,
While we madly follow the chase.

As the conflict progresses, alas! how we long
To escape the confusion and din,
And to reverently raise our voices in song,
And cast off the burden of sin!

The yoke has grown heavy; our step becomes
slow;
As we travel the rough, narrow way.
The conflict is waning while onward we go,
Life is drawing to the closing of day.

The conflict is over, the victory is won,
While the splendor and beauties unfold;
Earth's trials are ended and heaven begun,
And the mansions of light we behold.

WEAR A SMILE.

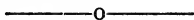
Greet your brother with a smile—

No one cares to see a frown;
It will be well worth your while
Not to look or feel cast down.

Even though your heart be weary,
Greet your friends with a glad smile;
Though your days be dark and dreary
Smile will banish clouds and guile.

Oft the sky is dark and heavy
With the clouds of discontent;
With a smile the clouds will scatter,
And your days will be well spent.

As we pass through years of toil,
Smile and help irradiate;
Clouds and misery you will foil,
Joy and gladness reinstate.



THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

If we would note the little things
While passing through this life,
In them we'd have the best that clings,
And thus o'ercome much strife.

'Tis not the costly gifts always
That makes the heart most glad,—
A smile sometimes, a word of praise,
A hand clasp when we're sad.

A tiny flower with fragrance sweet,
Can fill a room with cheer;
A little word to those we greet
Will scatter gloom and tear.

A helping hand with little cost
May cheer some weary soul,
Keep straying feet from being lost
And point them to their goal.

Who does not prize the cheering smile?
Abhor the dismal frown?
The little things make life worth while—
The large oft-times cast down.

The choicest gift that we can give,
Send broadcast o'er this land,
Forgetting selves, for others live,
To give the helping hand.

The little things make life seem great,—
How few e'en give them thought;
Those little acts make hearts inflate,
And thus are friendships fraught.

Give me the kindly word of praise,—
It's worth exceeding gold;
And sweeter far than sunshine rays
To cheer both young and old.

Oh, seek the little things of life!
Their value is untold;
By noting them, avoiding strife,
Much beauty will unfold.



THANKSGIVING RECOLLECTIONS.

While the winds of bleak November,
Rushing down the chimney, sigh—
Stir the still and dying embers
'Till the flames leap fierce and high—
Then my thoughts drift back to boyhood,
When Thanksgiving Day drew nigh.

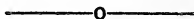
In the flames I see the farm house,
And the wood land brown near by,
Where the sportsman with his rifle
And his dog would quickly hie.
Scenes, which ever shall be cherished,
Vanish while those embers die.

I see again that well-filled cellar
With the apple bins piled high;
Mingled with great heaps of pumpkins—
Golden as the sunset sky;
And the barrels of sweetest cider
Stood upon the racks nearby.

While the embers are slowly dying,
And the bleak wind softly sighs,

Smiling faces and groaning table
Are presented to my eyes;
And I almost scent the fragrance
Of my grandma's pumpkin pies.

While I watch those dying embers,
In those burning logs appear
Many scenes of my happy boyhood,
As Thanksgiving Day drew near.
Though 'tis only reminiscence
Fills my heart with joy and cheer.

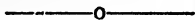


TWILIGHT.

When the shades of night are gath'ring,
Darkness falls on land and sea;
Bird and beast alike seek shelter,
Daisies nod upon the lea.
In the sky the tiny sentinel,
Sending forth its twinkling ray;
In the west the sun is sinking,
Twilight marks the close of day.

The katydid and cricket, too,
Peal forth in their evening lay;
The croaking frog is also heard,
As he hails the fading day.
The lowing herd waits at the bar
As the maid trips down the lane,
And softly calls the frisky colt,
And strokes his glossy mane.

The whip-poor-will soars in the air,
And the swallow skims the sky;
The busy fowl, too, seek their perch,
And the bee doth homeward fly.
As twilight steals across the land,
Then all nature seems at rest,
And basks beneath the magic wand
That is sinking in the west.



MY ABSENT BOY.

I often sit and wonder
Where my absent boy might be;
And in my thoughts I ponder,
And wish that he might see
The tear-stained, anxious face,
The tired and furrowed brow;
And fancy I hear him say—
“I will go home—just now,
And never more to roam,
Or break your anxious heart;
And in the sheltered home
Remain and do my part
To chase away the lines
Of care, of pain, I brought;
And keep the prayer in mind
That in my youth you taught.”

Oh! return to me my boy,
With your bright and happy smile.
Be once more my pride and joy,
And life will seem worth while.

TIME.

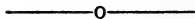
Time with its swift relentless pace
Keeps pressing toward the goal;
We cannot stay the fleeting pace,
Its flight we cannot control.

How swiftly time upon its wings,
Drifts into endless space—
Each day and year more clearly brings
To view the maddening chase.

Time robs us of our joyous youth
And steals our strength away;
Alas we learn the simple truth!
We are not here to stay.

Time is our foe as well as friend
Is constant by our side,
Yet in its onward speedy trend
The days so swiftly glide.

As time is swiftly passing by,
Make haste its flight o'ertake;
Let sunshine flood your daily sky—
Peace will follow in its wake.



BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

Softly I tread the moss-covered path
That leads to the dear old home;
The weeds grown tall, the style decayed,
In its stead the briars o'er grown.

With tear dimmed eye I wend my way,
And recall each childhood scene;
Where'er I gaze I behold innocent play,
Stealing o'er me like a dream.

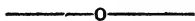
O'er the threshold of the dear old home
I cross with low-bent head—
The floor is covered with dust and mould;
On the attic the trundle bed
Upon which I tossed when a little child,
And knelt at the close of day.
My thoughts in a tumult run madly wild,
While I slowly retrace my way.

In each nook I see some memory sweet:
The hearth, now black and cold,
Where the fire would brightly roar and leap,
In fancy fair visions I behold.
The fireside group are smiling and gay,
The buzz of the old spinning wheel
Still lingers, when at the close of day
In silence we all would kneel.

The candle stick, too, no longer I see—
Its dim flickering ray on the shelf;
The earthen tea pot with its fragrance sweet
Takes me back to the days of the elf.
The dear old home has changed, alas!
Long years have wasted away;
Its beauty remaining a tumbled mass,
Yet it seems but yesterday.

I wonder across the old barn yard,
With sadness I there, too, behold
The ruins of early childhood sport,
Wherever I look unfold.
Methinks I can hear the jingle of bells,
As I rode in the high back sleigh;
And through the long lane I gallop again,
On the back of the dapple grey.

With Shep at my side to the pastures green
We drive the sleek-lowing herd:
When twilight is falling I pause at the spring,
My heart as light as a bird;
But fond reminiscences soon fade away,
As I look upon the old home.
Its beauties have fallen to dust and decay,—
O'er its threshold no more I'll roam.



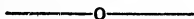
MIDSUMMER SCENES.

Laden trees and babbling brook,
Sun-kissed in some quiet nook;
Waving grain with golden blend,
Spreading trees their color lend.

Happy birds flit gayly round,
Shady trees and grassy mound;
Midsummer scenes, oh! how fair!
Beauty shining everywhere.

Zepher breezes, pure and sweet,
Hazy sky and clouds so fleet;
Brilliant sun sinks in the west,
Bustling life now sinks to rest.

Evening stillness, oh! how grand!
Touched by nature's magic hand;
Wondrous are midsummer scenes,
Stealing o'er like fairy dreams.



BOBBY'S APPEAL.

"Dear sister, I want to tell you,
What papa said to-day,
When I asked about 'Old Santa,'
Who comes on Christmas Day.

For you know he always bringed us
Great piles of things to eat,
And all the toys that he could find,
Stacked in our window seat.

When I asked our dear good papa
Would Santa come this year,
He only said, "Be still, my boy,
You'll drive me wild, I fear.

Each day you bring this foolish tale
About old Santa Claus;
I'm tired of your constant wail,
Of sled, of book, of toys.

Now don't you speak another time
About those things to me,
Or off to bed you're sure to go—
I'm tired, can't you see?

Go to your aunt; she'll try explain,—
'Tis nonsense anyway,
This foolish thing of Santa Claus,
Now, go, my boy, I pray."

So I did not go to auntie,
But came right up to you;
She's just as cross as papa is,
And says it is not true.

'Bout Santa coming after dark,
Driving his big reindeer,
And said the dogs "would surely bark
At sights so strange and queer."

"Your mother was not wise indeed
To fill your little head
With foolish tales on Christmas eve,
Before you went to bed.

I've told you not to bother me,—
I'm busy, can't you see?
Go seek your sister, now, my boy,
Tell her about your tree."

"Now, sister, I want to ask you,
What you think best to do,—
Papa and auntie are so cross,
That's why I come to you.

When mama lived I did not need
To fear to ask one thing,—
You mind how she would sing to us
‘‘Bout angel carols ring’?

I am sure she is with the Angels,
And helps those ‘‘Carols’’ sing.
Oh! I wish that we were with her
To hear those ‘‘Carols’’ ring.

Say, sister, let us pray to mama
And ask if she can’t bring
‘Old Santa’ ’round, and let us hear
Those Angels when they sing.”

That little sister softly steals
Her arms around the form
Of the unhappy child, sobbing now,
Whose heart is made to mourn.

“Don’t Bobby, dear, come we will pray,—
Let’s kneel beside your bed;
Mama can hear all that we say,
Come, bow your little head.”

The study door was left ajar
When Bobby stole upstairs;
And thus the tired lonely man
Was startled by the prayers.

The father steals into the hall
And stands with bated breath;
Once more the wounded heart is wrung
By grief,—oh cruel death!

"Dear mama, look down from heaven,
Bobby and I are sad,
And beside we are so lonely,
Auntie is never glad
To see us coming home from school,
And scolds 'most all the time,—
She never hugs or kisses us,
And says, 'You're looking fine,'
As you would do,—Oh, mama, dear!
I wish that you could come,
For papa, too, is getting cross,
And seldom is at home.
But won't you please send Santa 'round
To us on Christmas eve?
Poor Bobby's little heart is broke—
I hate to see him grieve.
Both auntie and our dear papa
Have told him o'er and o'er,
There is no Santa Claus at all,
Until his heart is sore.
I'm going to let him talk to you,—
He'll tell you all, and then
I know you'll send dear Santa 'round,
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

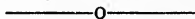
Gently touching the sobbing child,
She softly bids him pray;
With faltering accents, sweetly, low,
The father hears him say:

"Dearest mama, this is Bobby,
Who wants to talk to you;
I'm going to tell you all I want
From Santa, if it's true
That he does come on Christmas eve,—
I'm sure that you'll know best;
So you can tell him what I need,
But don't forget the chest
Of tools, so I can build a shed
To keep my pony in.
I want a brand new shining sled,
A top also to spin,
And then you know some picture books,
A horn, a sword, a drum;
And don't forget some candy, too,
Be sure to tell him to come
To little crippled Peggy's house,
But if he should forget,
I'll share with her my nuts and toys,—
I'll make her glad, you bet.
And sister wants a set of furs,
Some ribbons, blue and red,
A pair of gloves for auntie, too,—
Don't tell him what she said.
Then don't forget our dear papa,—
He needs a fountain pen,—
You know he's writing 'most the time,—
Your little boy. Amen."

That night upon his bended knee,
We hear that father plead;

"Oh God! forgive my sore neglect,—
'Twas cruel, Lord! indeed,
To try to cheat those little ones,
But oh! I've done my best
To cheer their hearts the coming day,
May 'Santa' feel well blest."

With joyful hearts around the tree,
Those children laugh and play,
Each want supplied, and Peggy's, too,
For "Santa" heard them pray.



SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

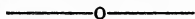
Sow the tiny seeds of kindness
In the young and fertile brain,
While the heart is pure and tender
True and loyal friends to gain.

Plant them firmly and sow them deep,
So the roots can take a hold;
Then, gently as the ivy creeps,
They will fragrant blooms unfold.

From tiny seed sweet flowers behold—
Joy and cheer to all impart;
Leaving sorrow and gloom untold,
Helping weary feet to start.

And teach them young to scatter seed;
Let it blow forth far and wide,
Some hungry hearts upon them feed,
Softly wafted to their side.

Freely seeds of kindness sow—
You will surely pleasure reap,
While you see the blessings grow
Precious Jewels, pure and sweet.



AN EVENING PRAYER.

Weary, dear Father, to Thee we come,
At the close of another day,
And whisper softly, "Thy will be done,"
Now hear us while thus we pray.

Guide us aright and our sins forgive,—
Without Thee our feet would stray;
Strengthen us, Father, and help us live,
And thy precepts to obey.

Watch o'er us, Lord, Thy guidance we need,
Thou knowest our wandering thought;
Give us Thy bread upon which we feed,
For without Thee all is naught.

And help us to bear the cross of life,
The burden will seem more light;
So oft 'tis laden with grief or strife,—
Help us to struggle for right.

And now! oh! God we do ask once more,—
Give us the strength to forgive,
What though the wrong is grievously sore,
Our enemies too must live.

And remember those oppressed with pain,—
Thou can'st restore and relieve,
Oh, gracious Lord! teach us to proclaim,
And help others to believe.

And when the sky is o'er cast with gloom,
If some dear one Thou hast called,
Help us to feel that the dreaded tomb,
The weak alone must appall.

And now, dear Lord, we close our eyes,—
Watch over us while we sleep,
And direct our dreams from yonder skies,
While angels their vigil keep.



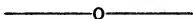
BENEATH THE OLD WILLOW.

Beneath the old willow with its long trailing
bough,
That's been sweeping for years, and is still
trailing now,
The banks of the stream so clear and so cool,
How oft 'neath its shade I fished in a pool,
A bent pin for a hook, a stick for a rod,
For hours I would patiently sit on the sod
Beneath the old willow and silently wait,
Not knowing the fish had stolen my bait.

To me that old willow is the grandest of trees,
As its long trailing branches are swept by the
breeze;

Its cool shade I enjoyed in my innocent youth,
Again 'neath its boughs I learned the sweet
truth,
From the lips of my sweetheart; and stole my
first kiss,
From that sweet little maid that filled me with
bliss.

I shall always protect that grand waving old
tree,
Since it shelters my youngster as it also did me;
Its green sweeping branches spread out in the
sun,
While we sit 'neath and watch their frolicsome
fun.
Wave on you old willow you'll bear through
coming years,
The names on your trunk carved by a lover with
fears.
That the dear little maid that stood by his side
Some fellow would claim as his blushing bride.

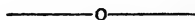


BRIGHT EASTER MORN.

Oh! bright and joyful Easter morn,
We greet thee with delight;
No more our wounded hearts will mourn—
We love this day so bright.
For Christ is risen now, indeed.
The stone was rolled away;
When Mary's heart was made to bleed
The angel bade her stay.

To her the wondrous story told;
The risen Christ had gone;
And they were told to herald bold
The joyous news at dawn.
We hear those cheering, soothing words—
He said to them, All hail—
The sound far sweeter than warbling birds,
That banished the anguished wail.

We love this day, so pure, so bright;
For Christ is risen now.
All nature dressed in colors bright,
Before our King we bow.
Oh, may our hearts be filled with peace,
Our carols heavenward ring,
Our songs and praises never cease—
Of Easter morn we sing.



A DREAM.

I dreamed I crossed the span of life,
A child once more I seem,—
Surrounded by the family group,
The dying embers gleam.

Beside the hearts the old arm chair,
With sheep-skin soft and warm;
There dozes father with his pipe,
Now sheltered from the storm.

My aged mother fast asleep,
With needles in her hand;
On rafters brown the shadows creep—
Night's stealing o'er the land.

Brown chestnuts roasting 'mid the coals,
With savory smell so sweet;
Upon the shelf in rows, the bowls,
With bread and milk we greet.

My sister at the spinning wheel,
Toils by the light, so dim;
The only noise made after meal
Is made while she doth spin.

We youngsters seated in a row,
Around the hearth do sit;
And with dancing eyes see shadows grow,
And up the chimney flit.

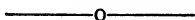
With open books upon our knee,
Our lessons try to learn;
But letters we can scarcely see,—
For frolic we do yearn.

At last our father looks about,
And orders us to bed;
You do not hear a word or shout,
For prayers must now be said.

Amid those prayers I wake once more,
Alas! those days have fled.
Those saintly parents now are gone,
Are numbered with the dead.

I gaze about my own fire-side,—
No dying embers there;
Within the changes I abide,
Although there is a glare.

Give me the hearth of olden days,—
And yet it seems a dream;
Amidst the times of modern ways,
We miss the fire-logs gleam.



LIFE'S PROBLEM.

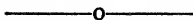
Life is a problem, each must solve their own;
It is a task that no one can shirk.
Some solve it with interest, while others divide
A portion of sunshine in their work.

By using addition 'twill mean much gain
Toward filling the store house of life.
The use of subtraction will not be in vain,
While encountering folly and strife.

The pleasure of others, yourself as well,
Can be had when you multiply;
And compound interest you shall receive
On the fractions of life as they fly.

The proportions of life, seemingly small,
Will enhance by the decimal plan;
So in working out the problem of life,
Use all the simplicity you can.

When finally adding the sum of life,
Be sure and subtract all that is wrong;
You'll multiply pleasure, omitting strife,
By dividing your work with a song.



LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

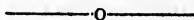
Little sunbeams how we love them,
Creeping slyly in and out;
They are treasures, try to grasp them;
They'll bring gladness—misery rout.

If your heart is filled with anger
And the world has lost its charm
Let a little sunbeam enter;
It will scatter all the harm.

If your home is filled with sadness;
One you love has passed away;
You can never hope for gladness
If you let the sunbeams stray.

Do not frown, or they will vanish
When they see your heavy brow;
Smiles and sunbeams, cares will banish;
Love them and retain them now.

Oh! this world is full of sunbeams,
Scattering sunshine far and wide,—
Filling minds with fairy day dreams;
Let them flutter, sweetly glide.



IS LIFE WORTH THE STRUGGLE?

Is life worth the struggle? In this much
depends

As to whether you've chosen a goal;
Abounding in brightness as it slowly wends
Through the meshes, to anchor the soul.

Some struggle for riches, which means a hard
pull,

If both honest and fair you would be;
The store-house of joy you would better have
full,—

More contentment I'm sure you would see.

For position in life some struggle in vain,

And so little it means after all;
Since the struggle between position and gain,
It so often doth end in a fall.

Again you will find while you are passing along,

That the streets and the highways are filled
With struggling ambition; and many among
To accomplish, their conscience have killed.

In struggling for knowledge their strength over-
reach,—

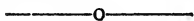
They will find that in this there's no gain.
How often in vain doth fair nature beseech,—
In its stead we choose hardship and pain.

Then is life really worth the effort it cost,
And for payment receiving defeat?
If your time is well spent, then it is not lost,
And 'mid the struggle you must compete.

If you would succeed as you journey along,
Then look not for the frown or the sneer;
You will find some one waiting to see the wrong,
Misconstrue what you say—call you "queer."

Oft in order to make the struggle worth while,
You must sacrifice pleasure and pride;
Amusements so often our senses beguile,
And has proven poor council or guide.

There is but one goal worth struggling for,
This one we should keep ever in view;
'Tis heaven's bright portals for which we should
soar,—
The struggle will prove worthy to you.



SCHOOL DAYS.

School days we recall as best,
And cares we did not know;
Those were days of play and rest,
Bright as the morn'ng glow.

Lessons we must try to learn,
Lest we should feel the birch;
Yet our hearts for play did yearn,
While in the books we search.

How the hours would drag away,
And we would sleepy grow,
Waiting for the noon-hour play,
While seated in a row!

The primer first we must learn
Filled with the A—B—C's;
The master's face so very stern
When you forgot your B's.

Words you next must learn to spell,—
That long one C—A—T;
For hours upon that word I'd dwell,
Of only letters three.

'Mid flying paper wads I'd gaze
Upon some horrid book,
Not knowing those were happy days,
Bright as the babbling brook.

Years and books began to pile,
And you much taller grew;
Lessons heard in different style,
While now the hours flew.

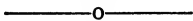
Slyly, too, some golden curls
With lessons they must blend,—
School days have the fairest girls,—
Sweet missives, too, we'd send.

When the daily grind was o'er
And homeward we would go,
Filled with sums for future store,
We then must act the beau.

Gallant little swains were we,—
Our hearts were filled with pride;
Naught but curls our eyes could see,
With sweetheart by our side.

Mothers watch with anxious eye
The school days disappear;
Well they know how swift they fly,
And softly shed a tear.

School days I am sure are best
If we but only knew!
They must prove the final test
When we to manhood grew.



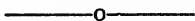
THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Tall and stately in a corner I stand,
In gorgeous colors dressed;
Of all the cheer that Christmas brings
The children love me best;

They dance around my laden boughs
And shout in joyful glee,
And sound the praise of Santa Claus
Beneath the Christmas tree.

Around my trunk the old farm yard,
The house and banks or snow,
With railroads that encircle round
And cars that come and go;
The barnyard too, with horse and sheep,
And all you'd wish to see
To make a youngster wild with joy
Beneath the Christmas tree.

Upon my branches festoons hang,
And here and there a toy,
With gay dressed dolls with curly hair,
While horns are for the boy.
Old Santa Claus does not forget,
He's as wise as wise can be;
He seems to know just what to hang
Upon the Christmas tree.



THE NEW YEAR'S HOPE.

Who say I come no more? They do me wrong,
Though oft I knock and fail to find you in;
Each morn I stand outside your door, oft long,
And bid you rise, go forth, some laurels win.

Opportunities may have passed away,—

Mourn not for precious chances on the wane!
Each night I turn the records of the day,
Each morn some hope is born afresh again.

Consider not thy lost youth all as past;

Reel not from righteous retribution's blow;
Turn then, from blotted pages of the past
To find the future's pages as white as snow.

Mourn not from losses, rouse thee from thy
spell;

Be thou a sinner? Sins too, are forgiven;
The New Year's hope hath charms in which to
dwell,

Like some bright star to guide our souls to
heaven.

Laugh at splendor that on wings may have sped,

To vanished joys be blind, thy lips be dumb.
Forget the past, and bury it as dead;
Hail and grasp every moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and
weep,—

The New Year's hope for all who say, "I can";
No struggling mortal ever sank so deep
But yet might rise to be a better man.

Christ lends his arm to all who weary grow,

Faint not, nor droop upon the toilsome way;

Seek not for paths where thorns doth fail to
grow,—

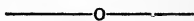
The side-track often proves the darkest way.

From blotted archives turn thy weary eyes,—

Let New Year's hope direct thy wandering
feet;

Since mansions fair await beyond the skies,

Trust not to time, so wavering and so fleet.



THE BROOK.

At first I was but a tiny brook

My course was yet to be made;

I rested in many a quiet nook

And darted across the glade.

At early dawn I am kissed by the sun

As I speed upon my way;

And quietly down the hill-side I run

And dance in ripples gay.

The birds all love to dip their heads

As I quietly rush along;

The children love my deep sand beds,

And frolic with laughter and song.

'Mid the bird's and children's happy song

I met the river in its rapid course;

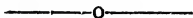
I am tossed and hurried all day long,

And long for my cool and placid source.

But now I am swelled beyond my bounds,
My expanse is broad and deep;
The ocean I am called as I circle round
The earth with a roar and sweep.

From a quiet brook to a turbulent sea
I am changed against my will;
But I followed my course in happy glee:
As a brook my mission I'll fill.

As with the brook, just so with life,
From its tiny source to mature years;
From quiet and peace we enter the strife
And are bourne 'long 'mid sunshine and tears.



THOUGH ONLY A FEW.

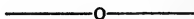
There were only a few of us there
Who had gathered for praise and for prayer;
Through a blinding storm we bravely came
To meet our dear Lord and praise His name.
After our hymns of praise had risen
In earnest prayer our thanks were given;
Our souls were filled as the moments flew
With living bread, though only a few.

We knew the look on our leader's face—
So wrapt, and so glad, and filled with grace;
When our heads were bowed we felt His touch,
Only the Master can stir with such

Overwhelming joy, peace and calm.
His "come unto me" is healing balm;
Peace filled each heart, though weary and sore,
And satisfied thus, we asked no more.

Though 'twas only a few gathered in,
Each one of us felt the load of sin
From the weary, tired shoulders fall;
For the weight of sin is like a pall.
Over our spirit a blessed calm
Followed the hymns, and the soothing psalm;
And strength was ours to meet toil and strife,—
Our souls were fed with the bread of life.

And forth we fared in the bitter rain,
Feeling our time was not spent in vain;
Our hearts had grown so happy and warm,
We did not feel the crush of the storm.
Thinking of how the Master had come
And through blinding rain the battle had won,
Our hearts were filled with the message true:
"Lo! I am with you, though only a few."



MUSIC'S CHARM.

There's nothing half so sweet to me,
There's nothing can take the place
Of music with its melody,
That all occasions grace.

From early childhood to mature years
It has its soothing charm,
Filling the soul with joy and tears,
Quieting fears and alarm.

It claims the angry, throbbing head,
It thrills the troubled breast;
Into quiet valleys the spirit is led
And all nature seems at rest.

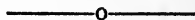
When I hear the rich melodious strain
As it floats upon the breeze,
My heart is swelling: I rest again
Upon flowery beds of ease.

Oh! music with your quiet calm,
How I love your sweet repose!
Its sound to me is cooling balm,
And as fragrant as the rose.

The fretting babe is soothed to rest,
The boisterous youngster staid;
It brings to the aged quiet and rest
And stirs the youth and maid.

With the sound of music in our ears
The burden of life grows light—
Our face is wreathed in smiles, while tears
And cares take speedy flight.

Let music's quiet and peaceful charm
Our thought and hearts enshrine,
To guide our faltering steps from harm,
Its beauty our souls entwine.



SOMETIME.

Sometime I know the day will come
When cares will take their flight,
And I shall rest in that sweet home
Where all is pure and bright.

Sometime I feel that I shall see
Those portals bright and fair—
The crown I'll wear—it, too, shall be
Bright as the noonday's glare.

Sometime I'll meet those gone before,
Whose labors here are done;
Who are basking on that golden shore
Their last victory being won.

Sometime I'll close these weary eyes
To earth's dull cares and pain;
Meet those I love beyond the skies,
And with Christ forever reign.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

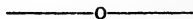
The poets have written of "home, sweet home,"
And portraying the scenes so sweet;
Of the wanderer's return—how years have flown
Since the old home once more they greet!
And well can they rave of the vine-clad home,—
There is no place on earth more dear,
Than the winding paths that we used to roam,—
Each spot dwells in mem'ry so clear.

No matter how humble 'tis home, sweet home.
When recalling each childhood scene,
I picture that mother now old and lone,
And my youth fades 'way like a dream.
Though age and decay have marred the old
home,
There is no place remains so sweet;
What were sapplings then now to trees have
grown;

Many changes we're sure to meet.
Time cannot change what environed our youth
In the way of hills and of vale,
Recalling the times we'd tell an untruth
For the sake of a swim or a sail
Across the deep stream that flowed through the
wood
That surrounded that dear old home;
Or scaled the tall trees that loftily stood
In the meadow with vines o'ergrown.

Though in palace we dwell we still recall
The scenes that time cannot efface;
Though humble that home we proudly recall
Each comfort that old home did grace.
The luxuries few,—a palace it seemed,
And will ever remain “sweet home”;
Though far from the spot in fancy I dreamed
I dwelt with that mother, so lone.

Though time and decay sweep over the land,—
They are bound to mar the old home;
But they cannot destroy the mem’ry grand,
Breaching o’er the years that have flown.
Be it humble or grand, ’tis home, sweet home;
And we love every tender tie
That binds us so closely to home, sweet home,
And its pleasures shall never die.



MY TRUSTED FRIEND.

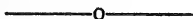
I have a dear little friend
That is hidden from view;
That speaks wisely to me
As it does also to you.

Guides my wavering tongue,
Directs wandering thought
From fretting and wrong—
Many battles has fought.

This dear little friend
Stays right by my side;
Hourly vigil it keeps—
Is my council and guide.

This trusted and tried friend
Is lodged in my breast.
Sweet messages it sends
To those I love best.

If I heed its sweet voice
When tempted to do wrong;
Making justice my choice
Makes life a sweet song.



THE SHOWERS OF SPRING-TIME.

The showers of spring-time bringeth forth the
bud

That has slumbered through long winter's
train;

The hard, frozen earth is softened to mud,
And the fields are soon verdant again.

The violet and crocus raise their tiny heads,—
Each vieing in their beauty so sweet;
Their colors enriching by being fed
By the sunshine and showers replete.

The sweet-scented lily, the hyacinth, too,
Have awakened from their long winter's
sleep;

The gay nodding tulip, the Easter flag blue
Are all forced by the showers to peep.

The beautiful ivy now creeps o'er the wall,
And playfully spreads out in the sun;
The stately old willow, so graceful and tall
Trails its branches along the old run.

The ivy and willow, as well as all trees,
By the warm spring-time showers are fed;
Their beautiful branches that, swept by the
breeze,
Bear no more the appearance of dead.

The seed of the earth springs forth from the
ground,—
Their verdancy unfolds to our sight;
Much fruitage they yield after losing the bound,
And nurtured by showers and light.

What a lesson we learn from seed and flower!—
Emblematic of all that is good;
By the sweet, cooling draught of the spring-time
shower,
We receive both beauty and food.

The earth is made gay, and an eden it seems,
Overflowing with all that is bright;
The showers refresh and so sparkingly gleams,
A rare picture unfolds to our sight.

KIND WORDS.

Give me kind words before the gem,
And I will prove to you
Their value far exceeds—and then
The ring is good and true.

Kind words, my friend, will never die.
Speak them where'er you may;
They do not cause the heart to cry,
Or drive the soul to fray.

Their sound is sweet to every ear,
And linger long, perchance;
Since angry words cause gloom and fear,
Kind ones, alone, enhance.

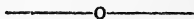
'Tis just as easy them to speak,—
They cost not any more;
The other ones inflict a wound
That time cannot restore.

Their beauty far exceeds the flower,
As fragrant, too, indeed;
As cooling as the summer shower
That sweeps across the mead.

Kind words can never cause a frown
To gather 'cross the face;
A rising tumult they can drown
And fill the soul with grace.

When angry words come to the mind,
My friend, just stop and think,
If you would not prefer the "kind"
That have a golden link.

Be careful then the words you use,
Since them you can't recall;
Kind ones I'm sure you'd always choose,
If peace you would forestall.



SANTA CLAUS.

The delusion is sweet to the innocent mind,
Of this jolly old Saint who's so good and so
kind;
Graciously visiting the rich, but not the poor,—
This beloved old Saint seldom finding their door.

From the time we remember this jolly old man,
In descending the chimney—so the story ran,
Would hunt for the stockings—fill them full to
the top,
Then into his sleigh this dear old Santa would
hop.

After making his rounds we were told he had
fled
To some far, unknown land with his reindeer
and sled;

And thus we would listen with most wondrous
delight

Of the coming of Santa and his hasty flight.

The mystery was unraveled when we older grew,
As to how all the wants of the youngsters he
knew;

It was puzzling, indeed, to know how he would
find

The right place to stop, also the size and the
kind.

After wisdom revealed to the innocent mind,
Destroying the delusion of Santa so kind;
Deception can no longer play its clever part,
Thus robbing much pleasure of the innocent
heart.

Some think it not wise to instill the sweet
thought

That 'twas Santa that gave it, not yourself it
bought.

Be that as it may, ignorance often is bliss;
By enlightning the child you will prove it in
this.

Why rob the sweet child of the pleasure so dear,
Of the coming of Santa with his big reindeer?
Let them nourish the thought, it is sweet while
it clings,

Since the pleasure of childhood rob life of its
stings.

LOVE.

Love! who does not crave it? It's the source of
all good;
'Tis the fountain of pleasure, and often is food
For the weary, discouraged, the sad and
oppressed,
And in seasons of sorrow it always proved best.

Love is inspiring and the light of our soul,
Is often the beacon as it points to our goal.
From the time of creation it has played its part,
In enriching the mind or crushing the heart.

Love is a conquerer, winning battles and
fame,—
For valor and strength it hath ennobled the
name.
Where men would have fallen in life's struggle
and toil,
It has helped them to conquer, the enemy foil.

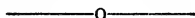
As a minist'ring angel love's ever at hand,
To alleviate pain, it is noble and grand;
And without it this world would more desolate
seem
Than prison itself that is deprived of its beam.

The animal kingdom to love also must yield,
With its influence felt in forest and field.

Even nature is touched and doth send forth its
 flower,—
The handwork of God's love, making earth seem
 a bower.

Take love as a stimulant, it will warm the
 chilled heart,
Enthusing the soul, and help the erring to start;
In sorrow or sunshine it will stay by your side,
Is truly your best friend whatever betide.

In conclusion I'd say love's our comfort and
 stay,
And without it we cannot God's precepts obey.
So exchange not this treasure for silver or gold,
If the beauties of life you would truly behold.



PEACE.

Let the dove of peace unfurl her wing,
 O'er this wide and glorious land;
Let us join the chorus, and gayly sing
 And march with this happy band.

Let peace invade and quietly dwell
 And make our home most dear;
The mind serene no tongue can tell,
 Since peace dispelled our fear.

Oh happy day! Let us spread the news,
 Let the flag of peace unfurl;
From strife and tumult let us choose
 The truce of peace—A precious pearl.

IDLE DREAMING.

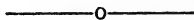
Why sit you idly dreaming
When there is so much to be done?
The harvest is ready for gleanings;
The prize is yet to be won.

Our hands and hearts should be ready
To help those who are weary and sad;
To help them to cross the deep eddy,
Scatter sunshine, and help make them glad.

Make haste; there's no time for dreaming;
Life is slowly ebbing away.
Scatter hope with a face that is beaming,
With a heart that is happy and gay.

Look forward; there's no use in pining;
The sky is so bright and so clear;
The sun soon will set, yet shining,
Will bring some gloomy heart cheer.

So awake from your idle dreaming,
Give comfort to some drooping heart;
Be earnest, and not only seeming,
And bravely do well your own part.



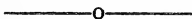
CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Sweet Christmas bells upon the air,
Peal forth your glad refrain;
A new-born King your music tells—
The star foretold the same.

Ring out, sweet bells, with loud acclaim—
The joyful tidings bear;
To all mankind the joy proclaim:
Our new-born King so fair!

Oh! Christmas bells, we love to hear
Your chimes so pure and sweet;
An anthem floats upon the air,
The weary soul to greet.

Ring out, sweet bells, through ages tell
The sweetest message told;
Through ages past your music rang;
Its sound will ne'er grow old.



THE HAND THAT GOES OUT.

The hand that goes out to succor the weak
Is the hand that is made of pure gold:
It shadows the lowly, graciously meek,
The decrepit its beauties behold.

The hand that is strong and firm in a grasp,
Though it may not be shapely or fair;
When you feel your own hand caught in its
clasp,
Comfort, strength and relief you find there.

Though roughened from work, I'm sure you
won't feel

And harshness in that lowly palm;
With a grasp that is steady, firm as steel,—
Who'd not welcome this hand, when it come?

When a stranger you meet the hand that goes
out,

Hospitality they'll surely feel;
The hand you extend some weakness may rout,
And to them may mean more than a meal.

The hand was not made as an ornament,
To be laden with jewels alone;
But to battle with life where'er it's sent,
And it will help life's sorrow atone.

So let it go out; it's a mission to fill,
Be it ever so humble, indeed;
It should not relinquish its duties until
Enfeebled, no longer it can lead.

SONGS

SING TO ME, MOTHER.

[Song.]

Sing to me, mother, while the grey shadows
creep—

Sing to me softly; lull me to sleep.

Sing of the daisies that nod in the sun,

Sing while in fancy gayly I run

Through the old orchard after the sheep—

Sing to me softly, soothe me to sleep.

Sing to me, mother, that sweet lullaby,

“Hush, little darling, please do not cry;

Close your eyes tightly while mamma sings

The sand man is coming,” sweetly it rings;

Sing the old songs—I loved them so well;

Those fairy tales, too, you also could tell.

Sing to me, mother, once more let me hear

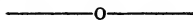
Your sweet, trembling voice drawing so near;

Sing of the birds that soar in the sky—

Sing of the bees and the gay butterfly—

Sing to me softly while the dull shadows creep,

Sing to me, mother, sing me to sleep.



RUBE AND MANDY'S GONE TO TOWN.

[Song.]

Mandy, don your green silk gown,—

We will take a trip to town;

Peanuts we will get to eat,

While we trip along the street;
In the cars we'll take a ride,
To the parks we'll swiftly glide—
On the lake we'll take a spin,
Mandy, sure some race we'll win,
For I'm going to black my boots,
And we're going to shoot the chutes.

(Chorus.)

Rube and Mandy's gone to town,—
High silk hat, green silk gown,
Gayly tripping down the street,
Nodding to the folks they meet;
Watch the autos speed along,
Gaze upon the bustling throng;
Wondering why they hurry so,
As they're pacing to and fro.
Mandy buys some chewing gum,—
Reuben thinks it lots of fun.

Mandy, get my high silk hat,—
We will shine, I tell you that;
Folks will stop to look at us
When we're riding in the bus.
All the sights we are going to see,—
What a trip that's going to be!
We can spend a day in town,
See Broadway both up and down.
To the picture shows we'll go,—
Folks will think I am your beau.

I WANT TO DO WHAT YOU DID, DADDY.

[Song.]

I want to do what you did, daddy,
About twenty years ago;
I know you were a handsome laddy,
And I judge a gallant beau.
And the girl you loved was young and fair,
Though she's not the same to-day,
Yet I'm sure you love that faded hair,
For your own is streaked with gray.

(Chorus.)

Now just as you did I want to do,
For I love the sweetest girl;
And I know you'll like those eyes so blue,
For they'll set your brain awlirl.
Come, don't refuse; for what can I do—
I am sure you did the same;
Just as you promised, so I'll be true,
For you played the same old game.

Come, daddy dear, please don't look so stern,
I am sure I've done no crime;
Just like your heart so my own does yearn,
Surely you'd not have me pine
For the sweetest girl in all the land,—
One whose heart is brave and true.
Give your consent to the fairest hand,
For the same you had to sue.

SWEET NORAH MALONE.

[Song.]

Come, Norah Malone, and be my own:
I'll treat you on the square;
I'll build for us a little home,
All its comforts you shall share.
I want a wife that's always gay,
To fill my heart with bliss;
Meeting me at the close of day
With a smile and a hearty kiss.

(Chorus.)

Sweet Norah Malone—she's all my own!
I won the prize at last!
I've taken her to that little home,
And all her trials are past.
We are the jolliest pair on earth,
And we live in grandest style;
And sure I've got my money's worth,
For she has that winning smile.

Sweet Norah dear, you need not fear,—
I want you by my side;
I want to wipe away that tear,
And be my happy bride.
We'll take a trip across the land;
See all the sights we can.
Come, let me hold that little hand,
For I must be the man.

COME, SWEETHEART LORRAINE, IN MY
AEROPLANE.

[Song.]

Come, sweetheart Lorraine, in my aeroplane,
Let us circle around the old moon;
Oh! 'tis my delight to hold you so tight,—
I am sure he'll not tell if we spoon.
The sun, too, you'll kiss—you sly little miss,
While we're floating in clouds so blue;
In my aeroplane, now say you'll remain
My sweetheart, so happy and true.

(Chorus.)

Come, little Lorraine, my aeroplane
Is waiting for you and for me.
It may seem rather soon for a honeymoon,
But my heart keeps pining for thee.
Together we'll float in my large airboat,—
Come, sweetheart, and sit by my side.
Now up—up—we go, with your cheeks all
aglow,
'Twill prove the most jolliest ride.

Come, up we shall fly in the bright blue sky,
Like the birds we shall soar all day long;
Now Lorraine, my dear, you need have no fear
While the aero keeps drifting along.
At the wheel I shall steer while you, my dear,
Shall pilot with love's cunning eye;
Speeding far, far away, return when we may;
Come, sweetheart, together we'll fly.

MY HELLO GIRL.

[Song.]

I've a little blue-eyed girl,
And we flirt along the line;
How she sets my brain awirl,
When she says, "Hello there, mine"!
Every day that cheering call—
I am sure her voice to hear,—
She's my darling all-in-all,
When she says,—“Hello there, dear.”

(Chorus.)

Hello, Central, give me 2-0-9,
When she answers very slow,
“Line—is—busy, Hello, Mine,
They can wait, so here we go,”
Fondly still her message tingles,
In my ears so sweet and low,
While her voice with others mingles,
As she fondly calls, “Hello.”

When at evening I am wery,
And I sit me down to rest,
Comes the message, “Hello, deary,”
From the girl I love the best.
She's the idol of my dreams—
Blue eyes haunt me every where—
In my heart her image gleams,
And that sweet voice, “Hello there”!

A LITTLE GOLDEN CURL.

[Song.]

With an open book upon my knee,
And between its pages prest,
With tear-stained eyes, I scarce can see
That dear little treasure rest.
'Tis only a little golden curl,
Tied with a ribbon blue,
Of my absent darling baby girl,
With laughing eyes so blue.

(Chorus.)

'Tis only a little golden curl,
Of my darling, absent, baby girl.
How I miss her childish prattle,
With her doll and old tin rattle;
As she played upon the floor,—
Wither old torn picture book—
And her sly innocent look—
As she peeped in the open door!

Beneath a small green mound,
Lies my darling girl so fair;
Hushed forever the sweetest sound,
And hidden, that golden hair.
How I long for my lost treasure,
With that rich, soft, golden curl!
In life there is no pleasure,
Since I lost my baby girl.

MY GUIDING STAR.

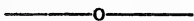
[Song.]

My guiding star shines in thy eyes,—
Then must I pine for thee;
Their mellow light, pure as the skies,
As stars look on the sea.
My thoughts like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
My love for thee lies hushed in light,
Beneath the heaven of thine.
Oh, guiding star, so pure and bright,
My soul for thee must pine.

There is a time when angels keep
A silent watch o'er men,
When souls in stillest slumber steep,
Sweet spirit, meet me then.
There is an hour when sweetest dreams
Through slumbers stillness glide;
And in that hour, dear heart, it seems
Thou shouldest be by my side.
Oh, guiding star, direct my dreams,
And keep me my thy side.

My thoughts for thee, too sacred far,
Lie hidden in my breast;
I can but know thee as my star,
That helps me do my best.
My angel and my guiding star,
My heart still pines for thee;

Direct my steps, though from afar,
As stars look on the sea.
And as they gleam in darkest night,
May they my guidance be.



**WHEN THE THREADS OF SILVER SHINE
AMIDST THE GOLD.**

[Song.]

When the threads of silver shine amidst the
gold,

Tell me, sweetheart, will yo love me then as
now?

Will you think my heart is also growing old?

Tell me truly ere we take that sacred vow;

Will we ramble in the twilight's evening glow,

Will you tell the sweetest story ever told,

Tread the winding paths where sweetest roses
grow?—

Will you love the threads of silver 'mong the
gold?

(Chorus.)

Darling, tell me will you love me then as now?

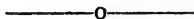
Will the threads of silver seem as bright and
fair,

When they steal across my furrowed, aged
brow,

As they mingle 'midst the strands of golden
hair?

Will you think them just as pretty when I'm old,
Linger sweetly by my side at close of day,
When the threads of silver shine amidst the
gold,
Will you truly love me when I'm old and
gray?

When the threads of silver shine amidst the
gold,
And the sun is sinking in the tinted west;
May the beauties of this life to us unfold,
May declining years prove brightest, and the
best!
Hand in hand I trust we'll walk through coming
years,
Making life and love as sweet as zephyr
breeze;
Tell me, sweetheart, will you share my joys and
tears,
While we're strolling 'midst the flowers and
the trees?



**DARLING RAISE THOSE TREMBLING
LASHES.**

[Song.]

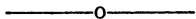
Darling, raise those trembling lashes,
Let me read my answer there;
Swiftly, dear, the message flashes,
Sparkling in those eyes so fair:

Darling since you gave my answer,
Do not hide those glittering pearls,
Oh! my heart is almost bursting
For the fairest of all girls!

(Chorus.)

Oh! those bright and sparkling treasures
You have hidden from my view—
Won't you raise those lashes, darling?
Let the love-light filter through,
Won't you raise them there, my darling?
Never hide them from my view.

Oh this world is full of sunshine—
Smiles and sunlight everywhere,
Since I've read my lingering answer
In those eyes, so true and fair.
We will gayly trip together,
Through lifes busy, happy whirl;
For oh! I love my little treasure,
And to me my priceless pearl.



YOU TAUGHT ME TO LOVE YOU.

[Song.]

You taught me to love you,
Now you'd have me forget
Those lessons so simple and sweet.
How can you expect me
To learn to forget you,
Be as strangers whenever we meet?

You told me the sweet old story,
You whispered it o'er and o'er;
Could you really forget
The bright day we set,
And say, I'm your "sweetheart" no more?

(Chorus.)

Come, come, sweetheart, I'm true;
Come, come, I'm pining for you.
I cannot forget I've waited in vain;
Years have gone by,—yours I'll remain;
You taught me to love you, seemingly strange,
True, I must be, my heart cannot change.

Yes, you taught me to love you—
I've tried hard to forget—
Long years have passed slowly away;
Your image always near,
My lone heart to cheer,
Shall remain while life shall stay.
I cannot forget by-gone days,
And smile whenever you pass.
My heart pines for you—
I shall always be true,
And remain,—your blue-eyed lass.

—o—

WHISPER IT SOFTLY AND LOW.

[Song.]

I am dreaming of long, long ago,
As you lovingly knelt by my side,
And whispered so softly and low,
The words that made me your bride.

To-night I'm so weary and sad, dear,
Won't you come and kneel once?
Let me feel the warmth of your love,
As I did in the days of yore.

(Chorus.)

Won't you whisper it softly and low?
Sing that sweet, old loving refrain
That you sung to me long, long ago—
Just whisper it once more again—
Just tell me that sweet old story—
I long so to hear it again.
Just whisper it softly and low, dear,
And your sweetheart I'll ever remain.

The days of our youth have long fled,
But our love remains ever the same;
And those words so earnestly spoken,
Have not been whispered in vain.
The years are stealing upon us, dear,
And as the petals of flowers unfold,
Just keep whispering it softly and low,
Then our hearts will never grow old.

—o—

DREAMING OF THEE.

[Song.]

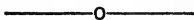
In fancy again you stand by my side—
I behold my beautiful blushing bride;
Your fair little hand, resting in mine,

Promising faithful to be, forever thine.
To-night, dear heart, I am lonely and sad—
Your presence alone could make me glad,
And feel that life was not all in vain—
If I could but have my sweetheart again!

(Chorus.)

Dreaming of thee, my little sweetheart,
Dreaming of thee, oh! why did we part?
Fond recollections of days that have gone,
Come back to me now while dreaming alone.

Slowly my life seems to be ebbing away;
Oh, my darling! why were you taken away?
I look all around me, there's nothing to cheer,
My heart, always longing for you, my dear.
I am dreaming of days that held no care,
As we strolled together by moonlight fair;
But dreaming, alas! seems all in vain,
It cannot recall my sweetheart again.



DOWN BY THE MEADOW BAR.

[Song.]

'Twas down by the old meadow bar,
That I met my charming Sue;
Her beaming eyes shone like a star,
And pierced me through and through.

With sun-bonnet hanging upon her arm,
And her curls all tumbled down,
With drooping lashes adding to her charm,
And that sweet and simple gown.

(Chorus.)

Yes, down by the old meadow bar,
I won my fair, blushing bride;
With the stars peeping forth from afar
She nestled close to my side.
'Twas there I stole my first kiss
From that sweet little country girl;
My heart still over flows with bliss,—
To me she's a priceless pearl!

I ever shall cherish that well-trodden path
That leads to the meadow bar,
'Tis fond recollections that takes me back,
Even time having failed to mar.
The beauty of those rich auburn curls,—
She still retains all the grace,
And she's the sweetest of all girls,
With her fair and beaming face.

—o—

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

[Song.]

While strolling o'er the hill-side, Nellie,
I viewed the scenes below;
The stream and crumbling mill, Nellie,
Is not like long ago.

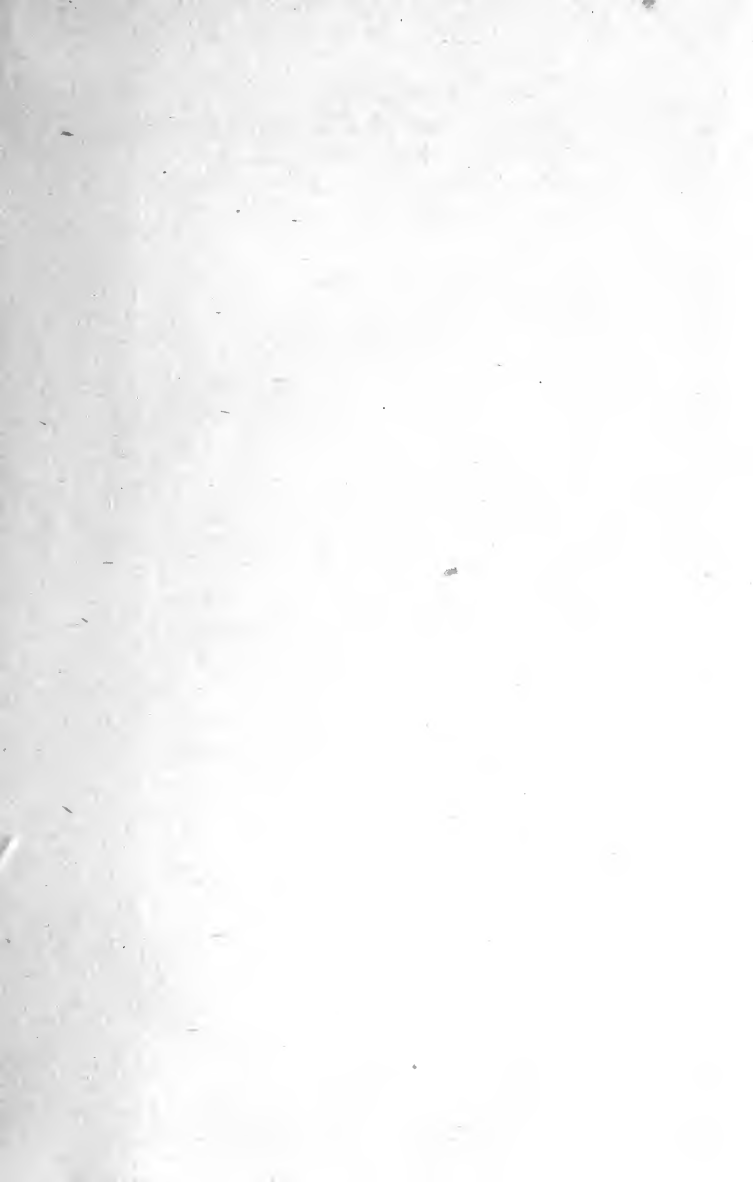
The grass is gone from the hill-side, Nellie,
Where first the violets sprung;
The crumbling old mill is still, Nellie,
Since you and I were young.

(Chorus.)

And now we are aged and gray, Nellie,
And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the happy days, Nellie,
When you and I were young.

A city, so silent and lone, Nellie,—
Where the young, gay and best,
In beautiful white mansions of stone, Nellie,
Have found a place of rest,—
Is built where we used to play, Nellie,
And the birds joined us in song,
And we sang as gay as they, Nellie,
When you and I were young.

But now I am feeble with age, Nellie,
My step less sprightly than then;
My face like a well written page, Nellie,
Time alone being the pen.
But now we are aged and gray, Nellie,
As spray from the breakers flung;
But to me you are ever as fair, Nellie,
As when you and I were young.



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